

THE LONDON MERCURY

Vol. XXXIV No. 203

SEPTEMBER, 1936

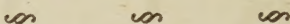
EDITORIAL NOTES

IN the next number of THE LONDON MERCURY, in October, we propose to make a few changes in format which I am confident will please most of our readers and distress none. The conservative may be assured that we plan nothing revolutionary or affecting the essential character of the magazine ; but that we propose so much change in externals as must occur from time to time in a body that is not static, but is organically responsive to the Time Spirit and the flow of taste. It is not for us to seek to outdo our least shrinking competitors on the bookstalls or to compete with *The News of the World* in headlines. But it must be recognized that typography is not merely, like everything else, subject to novelty-mongering, but that it has been the object of much judicious artistic energy in recent years, aiming at legibility with elegance. Our next number will be easier to read and will better stand the wear and tear of a month's handling. Before long, also, if not at once, we may be in a position to widen the range of our pictures by other and more flexible methods of reproduction.

~ ~ ~

BUT that is not all. I must ask our contributors, correspondents and subscribers to note a change of address. Henceforward, under a happy arrangement which will enable THE LONDON MERCURY to be published by *The New Statesman and Nation*, we shall be housed at 10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1. This change will not affect the editorial conduct or control of the magazine, which will remain what it has been, a non-political journal offering hospitality to many shades of opinion expressed in articles that come within our distinctive sphere ; it will be as free as it has been at any time in its existence. None the less the publishing association with our distinguished contemporary, *The New Statesman*, will add efficiency to our organization and give us congenial neighbours. Since a magazine is an instrument designed to establish contacts between originitive minds and the largest possible circle of readers who may be receptive to their ideas, and since it is obvious that for this purpose writing

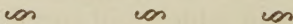
and editing are not enough, one cannot attach too much importance to that part of the instrument which smoothes away physical obstacles and speeds the printed word to its destination.



THE CASE OF M. BLUM'S BALLETS

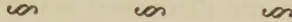
IT is not often that one has occasion to suggest that a British Government has been attempting to do too much in support of the arts—my complaints have generally been the other way. But recently we have had a case in which a Government department has been moved by an unwonted outburst of zeal, and has plunged like a mad bull into a china shop and done a lot of damage. I am alluding to the action of the Ministry of Labour in refusing to allow the Ballets de Monte Carlo to go to Glasgow. I fear there is no substance in the rumour alluded to by a correspondent on another page that this decision has been reversed.

Certainly I do not complain that the Ministry of Labour should seek to do a good turn to the Old Vic, or to the Vic-Wells Ballet Company. These institutions have deserved national gratitude in helping to keep reputable drama, opera and ballet alive in this country. Under the most difficult possible circumstances the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells have been sustaining the spirit which, under favourable circumstances, would be the driving force behind a National Theatre. But none of us up to now has observed much alacrity on the part of the Government to give State support to national enterprise in drama, opera or ballet. I suppose the Ministry of Labour was struck with the bright idea of making amends for past neglect when it imposed its ban on a possible rival of the Vic-Wells Ballet. In refusing permission for M. René Blum's Ballets to appear at Glasgow, as arranged, it acted on the supposition that the French production would prejudice the interests of the British company, which was to arrive a little later.

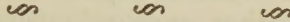


IT is difficult to conceive the state of mind which could suppose that such an act of misguided nationalism could do good to anyone. It was scarcely a tactful way of helping the Vic-Wells production to suggest that the company might fear to stand up against a foreign competitor. It was unjust both to the British artists and other workers whom M. Blum has freely employed, and to the many British artists now employed in France who might be made the victims of reprisal. Nor was it fair to M. Blum, who here and abroad has conducted his artistic enterprises in a sound internationalist spirit. Last but not least, it was unjust to the general public, who ought not to be denied facilities for seeing artistic productions because they are not mainly British. M. Blum is perfectly right when he maintains that the

more good ballet there is the bigger the public for it becomes. Those who had been to see the one would be stimulated to visit the other, just as, in London, those who had seen the performances at the Alhambra went all the more eagerly to Covent Garden.



COMPETITION, variety, and the lively discussion which arises from contrasting methods are of the very life-blood of the arts. It might be supposed that the Shakespeare productions at Stratford-on-Avon would suffer from the rivalry of the Malvern Festival. But that has not been the case. Never is Stratford more successful than when Malvern is *en fête*. Visitors go to and fro between the two towns; the two companies, not content with rivalry on the stage, have found themselves in friendly opposition on the cricket field. The box-office receipts at Stratford have gone up *pari passu* with those at Malvern.



THE Ministry of Labour's method was the German method, not the British. It may not be quite so harsh as that employed by the Nazis, but it is similar in principle. The German Government establishes a preserve of employment for persons alleged to be of Aryan Germanic stock. Around its purely German, or supposedly purely German culture, it endeavours to set up a ring fence, with results that can only be lamentable to real German culture and produce intellectual starvation and anæmia. Attempts to exclude or restrict the activities of foreign artists in this country do not in the long run even promote the greater employment of Britons; they certainly impoverish art and deprive the British public of stimulating ideas. Of the advantage and cultural necessity of free trade in ideas, of freedom in those activities which minister to the arts, there can be no two reasonable opinions. It is to be hoped that the Ministry of Labour will stand down in matters of this kind in the future, and abstain from the Nazi method of doing good.

TELEVISION HALLS

IT may generally be said that the competition between like and like—between plays and plays, between ballets and ballets, between musicians and musicians—is stimulating and healthy, and beneficial to the arts concerned. But what is not so beneficial, and may even be cruelly destructive to creative talent, is competition between unlikes—between performances in which living artists appear and mechanized reproductions of performances. Here we touch the wider problem of the application of science to industry in all its forms, and the relationship between the craftsman and the worker under conditions of mass production—a major problem of our epoch. In the case of the arts practised on the stage and in the concert hall this problem

assumes a form in which its character can be clearly discerned ; we can easily see the results that are likely to come from mechanization and the gradual elimination of a large proportion of the men and women who earn their living on the stage or as musicians. Last March Mr. St. John Ervine discussed some aspects of this question in *THE LONDON MERCURY* in his article on "The Actor and the Cinema" ; and in showing how seriously the stage play and the living actor have already been affected by the cinema, he did not omit to mention the possibility of even greater disaster arising from television. He gave the same reasons for concluding that the danger from the latter is not very great.

But this optimism is not shared by the Society of West End Theatre Managers, the Theatrical Managers' Association, and the Entertainments Protection Association who, supported by the British Actors' Equity Association and the Musicians' Union, have sent a letter to the Postmaster-General urging that their interests should be protected against further encroachments by the B.B.C. in its conduct of television. They view with "the greatest alarm and disfavour" any attempt on the part of the Corporation to set up a theatre or music-hall for broadcasting purposes open to the public ; and allude to proposals for providing "television demonstration halls" in the London area which will be equivalent to cinematograph halls. The fear that regular television theatres might be opened on a large scale, with all the financial and advertising resources of the B.B.C. behind them, cannot be regarded as fanciful. Mr. Leng Sturrock has shown in our pages how the Corporation has already successfully invaded the publishing world. With the development of television there is nothing to prevent similar encroachments on the theatre and music-hall professions unless restrictions are imposed under the new Charter.

THE B.B.C. is a public corporation which ought to be kept in its proper place. It necessarily enjoys a monopoly within its own sphere, and it is proper that it should be vested with great powers for the fulfilment of its function. If conducted as it may be conducted it is capable of co-operating with the organizations which protect the interests of the "living stage." (It should be pointed out that the low fees paid to artists who broadcast are quite out of proportion both to the services they render in addressing and preparing to address enormous audiences, and to the expenditure of the B.B.C. itself on other parts of its organization.) But steps should be taken to ensure that its activities do not strike another blow at the already hard-hit profession of the theatre—the training ground from which cinema actors to-day and television actors in the future must be recruited.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

LATIN QUARTER

By FORD MADDOX FORD

I

TWO harsh, suspended, iron tocsin notes
 Reverberate panic from the clock of Richelieu.
 They throw athwart the unconcerned night,
 Over the warren that's our black purlieu
 Their unavailing tones of harsh, unheeded fright ;
 They pour through the pellitory of the wall that grows
 Over the mouldering stones
 Their droning overtones. . . .

Prolongedly shuddering these say :

“ Be alarmed ! Your hours are wasting away.
 Your life approaches its last day.
 Rise ! Take arms against Chronos that will not stay.
 And, armed, await the day ! ”

But the velvety, black
 Night with her myriad fingers floats back.
 She stifles the notes in the bells' throats ;
 Her velvet silences obliterate
 The scars from her velvet pall.

2

Through it all you sleep and the fingers of the darkness
 Feel ceaselessly my brows,
 Your cheeks, my shoulders uncovered,
 Your uncovered hands, my throat. . . .
 The velvety fingers of the deep night.

As far as one knows
 It is almost only here that the night shows this solicitous note
 Of quietly, blindly, feeling the uncovered skin. . . .
 As if to make sure that the tenants have all come in,
 Not loitering in black streets to sin,
 Nor too liquored up to find their locks,
 Nor too disturbed by the hourly repeated shock
 Of reverberated panic from Richelieu's old clock
 And all the other wheezing, churring, murmuring old clocks
 Of our learned Quarter that drowns beside Seine water.

3

I suppose

This is our final stamping ground. We may never leave again
 This mouldering triangle that mounts gradually from the Seine
 Up to the mouldering Luxemburg on its mound . . .
 Our last abiding place and territory
 For it is not only that here you find pellitory of the wall
 Pushing its dowdy flowerets through the patina
 That falls in a dusty film and covers
 All Richelieu's *Quarta Latina*
 And its unvarying *status quo ante*. . . .

It is obvious that we must have patina and dust.
 We are the sort that must, since our brain
 Will not work in the atmosphere of the perfect Drain
 And Cellophane. And we must
 Live in irregular perspectives drawn in crumbling stone
 Running upwards into times long gone
 And yet so passionately here. . . . We must
 Hear Names and Affairs and old passions by which to adjust
 The mind and get into perspective
 Our era of plumbing and planes,
 Of the maniacal passion of invective,
 Of execration between nation and nation
 In a gigantic monotone.

4

Yet it is not merely that Dante,
 With his as yet unmerited aura,
 Pondered among these streets or Héloïse
 Here confronted the summer breeze.

There have been hecatombs of other lovers
 Who lie now, silent in forgotten tombs. . . .
 Petrarch and his Laura
 In the Vaucluse ; and Tristan and his Isolde
 In old Almaigne ; and Copperfield and his Dora
 In middle-old, middle-class Cokaigue.
 And Vogelweid and Fru Holde
 And the innumerable Troubadours with their unnumbered and
 immortal loves,
 Voicing the Muse
 Of the great plains of the Bouche
 Du Rhone with its olive groves.

(Yet, don't forget, here dwelt Heine with his Mouche
Shaking all Almaigne
With the scorn born here in his brain
On midnight mattresses of unending pain.)

5

And elsewhere, as here,
Have been droves of other illustrious
Poring other lore by their midnight stoves,
Pondering in philosophers' groves
To the cooing of Athene's doves.

(And above all, of your courtesy, do not forget those other be-
spectacled industrious
Inventing in co-operative sixes and sevens
To the croaking of Thor's raven,
Iron and mephitic cataclysms
To send through the pitchy abysms
Of the tocsin-riven heavens
For the eradication of this haven from Earth's face.)

6

But we are here because this place is a haven.
We have found a haven in this place.
Here hath the Lord given the harbourage
Which, when we strode, bemired, over the winter roads
Beneath too heavy loads,
Or rode, dog-tired, the outrageous and malignant seas,
We had desired.

The Earth here turns slow on its axis
And Time, grown tired
Of the review of ages on the heels of ages
And seasons on seasons
Here leans on his elbow, at ease
Beside our unrestless tide.

The very taxis
Glide
Noiseless and slow
Through the dark streets below,
And your sleep is dreamless and deep
And your pulse is unfevered and slow
Nor do you moan in your sleep
As you did some years ago.

7

To hell with Richelieu's bell !
 It lies in its throat.
 Time does not here hasten away,
 There is no regular division here
 Of night into day
 Nor here does our sphere
 Turn on its bored old axis
 To the tune of seasons, irrevocable
 And told by rote.

8

Listen ! The lying clock
 Marks three and the drowsing night
 Blankets its notes in their flight.
 Nevertheless the shuddering overtones exclaim :

“ There shall flame cargoes of fright through the night
 Above this town ; the heavens shall be riven ;
 Chariots of blazing doom shall be driven
 Across the waste-places of Heaven.
 Your mansions shall crumble down
 And your ashes be entombed in dust that was doomed
 In the first-written sentences of God's
 Because here Knowledge springs from the Earth
 That was accursed before grass grew on sods,
 Knowledge having her head for ever against God's
 Own image's heels.”

9

It sounds well enough, that sort of stuff !
 It's a half-truth.
 Sure, if there be a spot where frugal thought,
 A liking for the arts, knowledge, temperate learning,
 Some sort of just appreciation for the worth
 Of life, and pity and moderation naturally grow
 Like pellitory of the wall on crumbling stones,
 Then, sure, be very sure, if its fame spread a little about the earth,
 You will find all mankind in hordes without ruth . . .
 Bankers and tailors, soldiers, pimps, sailors and tinkers . . .
 All mankind with flint-axes and arrows,
 Torches, powder, cannon, swords, gas-shells and bombs
 Crowding the road in wains, flying together in planes tow'rds that
 detested focus.

All crying together from their planes : “ *Bedamn to their hocus-pocus !* ”

Razing the buildings, cutting the throats of thinkers,
Rifling their tombs ;
Driving great steam-ploughs to level the ground,
With great harrows harrowing in salt by the ton,
Then wiping their brows and crying : “ That is done.
There shall never again grow the herb called Thought
In this land of oblivion.”

IO

But there's more than that in it. . . .
. . . Wait a minute !
Slowly across the blackness of the wall
Glimmer a square and a scroll . . .

That's not poetic imagery ; those
Are all my past and all your promises
Illumined by a taxi rolling below.
The one's my roll of proofs like Michelangelo's
Scroll of the Fates on the Cumæan lap.
And the pale square's your *Spring in the Luxemburg*.
Like his table of your Law on Moses' knees.

I know you don't like Michelangelo.
But the Universe is very large with room
Within it for infinities of Gods
Peaceful and co-existent, much as you and I
Here drudge, engrossed, with paper or on canvas,
You in that corner, I in this,
With thoughts going side by side for years,
Fortnights, Millennia, Æons. . . . Thought
Being immensurable and yet commensurate. . . .

II

You cannot measure time or thought by the time-piece.
It can't be done. You can measure meals or cloth
Or railway-journeys, cornfields or the sea
By dials, and yet not Eternity
That's Time grown incorruptible, nor Thought
That's Life transmuted into rustless gold.

That is not truly hard to understand.
Not really. . . . Imagine honeycomb
Boxed as you see it on your market-stalls. . . .

Some fifty boxes, row on row over row
 In a parallelogram. Your eye selects
 Box three, row one : then that's alive for you.

But should your glance

Pass to row four, box nine, box three doesn't die
 Though you don't see it. . . . Immortality
 Is not more strange than that. Time boxes up
 His honey like your apiculturist.
 But it must be honey, not *ersatz* bee-bread
 That sullen bees chew out on wasted days,
 When flowers lack. For Bee-man Time exacts
 A certain flowering, a fertilization,
 The stir of life through pollen on the pistils.
 I think they're pistils. . . . Then you see Corruption
 Don incorruptibility and Time
 Put on the immortal. . . . Surely for every man,
 For you, for me, for Heine, for the milk-girl,
 Dry, desert tracts must lie athwart the road,
 Unmarked, unchronicled, remembered only
 As dull malaises lie at the back of the mind.
 For Dante's aura was unmerited
 Till he met Béatrice . . . so he says
 And the tale's writ well enough. . . . So let it pass
 For us. We'll leave out the deductions.

To-night the rusty, iron-tongued bell
 Of Richelieu's clock æons ago strikes one,
 An hour past shall strike three ; in a century
 Shall strike some more or did not strike at all.
 But what's the odds ? My pompous scroll, your square,
 Both faded when the taxi-cab went on
 Towards its own eternity. We are
 Again suspended in our velvet blackness,
 Afloat on questing fingers ; we're in a haven
 Of fertile hours ; we listlessly shall lie
 Till doomsday or the end of hostilities,
 Whichever prove the longer. . . . Or till you moan :
 " Oh, hell, I've got to finish this damn canvas ! "
 And I clutch groaning the preposterous record
 Of my dead, desert footsteps. . . . Silence falls
 For a millennium of unheeded clocks,
 And you say : " What's for dinner ? " and old Time
 Dons incorruptibility and Life's
 Immortal. The untimely sun shines in
 And you must drop your brush, Praxiteles
 Having grown jealous.

ARCHITECTURE—THE SOCIAL ART

DISINTEGRATION AND REINTEGRATION

By R. A. DUNCAN

I. *Disintegration.*

THE essentials of human life, viewed from a limited material standpoint, are four only—food, clothing, shelter and the propagation of the species. Any advance beyond the satisfaction of these bare requirements is an elaboration and an adornment. But is our objective merely to sustain life in order that the race may continue, nothing more? Surely form is of the utmost consequence. The very meaning of civilization is the manner in which these primary things are obtained or accomplished. Each advance in culture is achieved by adding ornament. But, strangely enough, to maintain the advance the added ornament becomes a necessity. This elaboration, with the lapse of time, exists as an integral part of activity itself and cannot be shorn away from it. These advances are symbolical and ritualistic in character, and form part of a convention of living. The convention itself conforms to primary concepts or beliefs which provide the motive forces, both spiritual and material, forming a social cement. If the concepts lose virtue in that they appear less true, less real, this will not affect the existence of the four necessities, but it will immediately disturb the conventions and elaborations in which they are embedded. To take an extreme case, the complete elimination of the ritualistic and symbolical elements of living would immediately reduce human beings to the level of the crude realities of maintaining the bare necessities.

Although such a complete simplification is almost an impossibility, partial elimination and substitution in the ritual of life is continually taking place. Certain periods in history indicate that rapid and violent changes or simplifications have occurred. It is, however, difficult for the self-interested individual immersed in the activities of a complex civilization, to appreciate exactly when and why his conventions are being subjected to radical change and dislocation. His sense of what exists as a living reality and what is merely an empty husk is apt to be obscured. It should, however, be possible to apply effective tests and to form conclusions as to whether in a period of change the symptoms indicate radical deviations or merely temporary disturbances. A critical examination of the ritualistic and symbolical factors in a culture alone will provide reliable data.

If anyone doubts the fundamental and essential relationship between the ritual and symbol elements and what are termed the material

factors in life, let him consider for one moment the matter of speech.

Nobody questions the practical importance and essential character of speech and its purely material virtues. It is, however, entirely symbolical. In language, continuity in the value of the symbol is compulsory. A breakdown is impossible, but its consequences can be imagined. In no other means of human contact has the symbol quite the same importance, nor is there anything approaching the same need for a strict maintenance of common and constant values. The necessity for continuity obviously varies greatly with the nature of the social organization and the particular activity. Changes, of course, can be accomplished by slow transmutations of the values prolonged over a sufficient period to allow of a general understanding and acceptance of the changes.

It must be quite obvious that a rapid change in values or an absence of belief in the virtue of a wide range of social symbols would result in anarchy and incoherence.

The maintenance of a tradition is really at bottom the maintenance of the value of the symbols. The breaking up of a tradition can only occur when true virtue has departed from the symbols, then the retention of mere form becomes a kind of after-glow with the source of light removed.

The vital quality of a tradition is clearly a measure of social coherence because it is an indication of the continuity in the value of symbols.

A man must either be insensitive or wilfully blind to-day if he is not aware of the changes and upheavals that are going on around him, but to be simply aware is hardly satisfying. The thinking individual requires something which will enable him to test the importance of the changes and their extent, their length, breadth and depth. We have reached a stage to-day at which uneasiness, if not alarm, begins to manifest itself. It would be some satisfaction to know whether we are confronted only with a rapid acceleration or a fundamental deviation in social direction. We are not altogether without material to which useful tests can be applied. Architecture, for example, meaning architecture in its broadest possible sense, is an excellent material for such researches.

There have been many attempts to define architecture, the term is usually limited to the few buildings designed by architects. This, of course, is inadequate and quite misleading. A painting is a painting whether it be produced by a professional or an amateur, whether it is good or bad. To designate a few well-designed buildings as architecture and the rest as mere building is absurd. It is as if we said that the temples, the agora and theatres of ancient Greece alone compose their architecture. Greek architecture is the whole of their architecture, not simply a part of it. The relation that it bears to their standard of

culture and manner of life can only be arrived at by taking the common denominator of all their buildings.

Any building in which utility has been qualified by a regard for effect must be classified as architecture. The moment the term is made to cover a field as wide as this, its true social importance becomes apparent. It is the shelter element in life plus symbolism with the fullest range. With this definition the true significance and meaning of the architectural styles begins to dawn upon us.

Buildings form the permanent and inescapable background of the contemporary play of our lives ; they lead us back into the past and forward into the future. For all that they are moulded by us, they mould us in turn and control our conventions, actions and movements. Next to agriculture, building, with all its ramifications, is the most vital as well as the largest industry in the world.

Architecture is well termed the mistress art, for in the long run it determines the character of all the plastic and decorative arts and more besides, as well as houses them. Into buildings go all the fitting and furniture, the sculpture and the paintings, the pots and the pans. The completely equipped building represents an immense range of activity and production. At the highest point of human endeavour and æsthetic sensibility, a building, with all that it contains, is one harmonious picture. It is not only a complete unity in itself, but forms part of a broader composition of a community of buildings and with nature herself. A building is full of profound meaning, for it reflects back to us the image of our cultural achievement and our collective social thought and feeling.

If one were to stand in the street of a Chinese city, even emptied of its inhabitants, one would still be instantly aware that the setting and the background belonged to a culture and outlook completely different from our own. We should not need even the further evidence of the people, their costume and customs. We should appreciate at once that the buildings alone were fully representative of a convention of living and a social order to which we did not belong and to which we might find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to adapt ourselves.

The difficulty of adaptation would arise, not solely on account of practical considerations, but rather because the idiom, the symbolism, was meaningless to us. The whole range of tradition which rendered the buildings vital and real to their normal inhabitants, far beyond their purely material aspect, would be non-existent for us. We might come to a limited understanding, but such intellectual comprehension would be no substitute for their natural and inevitable acceptance by their proper occupants. Our disharmony would be through and through and not ceasing at the convention of clothing.

The capacity of buildings with their adornment and equipment to tell a story is surely appreciated by all. The sensitive individual readily

absorbs the atmosphere they exude. The trained observer, in the person of the archæologist, can reconstruct a manner of living from buildings and hazard a guess as to the animating forces, both moral and material, that created the visual forms.

If a genie from a bottle suddenly, over-night, transformed our native city into a replica of old Bagdad, even the most unobservant of mortals would be somewhat astonished in the morning, to say the least of it. If the time taken to effect the change was sufficiently prolonged the majority of people, however, would be largely indifferent to the alteration in their surroundings. A hundred and fifty years is really not a long time in the history of mankind, but during this period some mischievous sprite has been busy converting our cities into bazaars of all the architectural styles and a considerable muddle besides, but comment on this phenomenon is chiefly confined to professional and art coteries. But if the assertions already made are true, or even partially true, then this strange transformation that has occurred in our buildings demands a great deal more than passing attention on the part of everybody.

Of course, quite early in the last century, fierce disputes began about the styles that architecture should take upon itself. The fact that there was a dispute at all is perhaps more important than the wordy conflicts themselves.

One cannot imagine that at the height of the Renaissance, designers, let alone the general public, questioned as to whether they should be renaissance or something else. No such conscious hesitation has ever occurred before or certainly not so acutely. The previous great transitions were accomplished unknowingly. Not that the disputants in the Victorian era, except perhaps a very limited few, grasped anything more than the superficialities of the subject. There were distinct signs of the breaking up of renaissance traditions as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century and even earlier scholasticism had devitalized the living germ of creative art. The foreshadowing of the Romantic Movement is to be seen in the *chinoiserie* of France, Chambers' pagodas at Kew, Marie Antoinette's sham village of the Petit Trianon and Walpole's Strawberry House Gothic. The studied picturesqueness of English landscape gardening with such reconstructed ruins as at Virginia Water and many a faked ivy-clad tower served as a contribution to sweet melancholy. Romanticism progresses in the pervading influence of the archæologists with the work of Percier and Fontaine for Napoleon or the Adam brothers' high-class house speculations. The classicists turned their eyes from Rome to Greece for inspiration and such exponents of the Greek style as Cockerell in England and Schenkel in Germany did their best to adapt the Greek architecture of the fifth century B.C. to the needs of the early nineteenth century A.D. The classicists had to compete with the serious opposition of the mediævalists who condemned such

work as pagan and sought the benediction of Heaven for their own designs. They reached the height of their power in the Albert Memorial, which has since been their undoing. The stylists gave way to an art and craft movement owing its origin both in this country and abroad to the influence of William Morris. With Morris for the first time social economic factors are associated with the spirit and methods of production. Unfortunately the movement which he initiated, while striving to sustain æsthetic standards, tended to set back the clock by refusing to accept inevitable advances in productive methods, a forlorn hope as events have proved. Morris, however, saved something from the disasters of the dark ages of early industrialism. His ideals were swamped by the failure of his followers to comprehend their true meaning; their impetus died out in a maze of silly fripperies which had little to do with their true spirit. The movement, however, was the last straw which broke the back of academic traditions, for it gave birth to the free designers on the one hand, and on the other a studied revival of the English Vernacular in architectural design, beginning with Philip Webb. Webb is the prototype of the architect in Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* and Wells's *Joan and Peter*. The climax of this vernacular style is to be found in the highly commercialized and financially successful exploitation of the genuine antique "Old Tudor" farmhouse, wealth of oak beams, completely modernized, electric light, hot and cold water, central heating, etc., etc. The other offshoot, the free designers, have become freer and freer until they owe allegiance to no one but their individual selves. Both derivatives of the Morris Movement nevertheless have achieved at least one of the objectives of his movement, they have kept alive a spark of the craft tradition. The "free" designers, however, by strange metamorphosis have finally emerged as the Modernists and the marriage of art and industry has produced as offspring the Functionalists. This, the last and immediate phase of architectural development, is its most significant phenomenon and warrants close inspection, but first it is necessary to consider what has happened to the great world of building beyond the architect's ken.

While the cow has been jumping over the moon the dish has run away with the spoon. The stylists and the theorists have never succeeded in establishing any style, with the result that the only true vernacular architecture to-day is that of the speculative builder whose spiritual inspiration emanates from Manchester utilitarianism. He it is who produces eighty per cent. of every type of construction and thus creates the prevailing type, the all-pervading real expression of our age. It is beginning to dawn upon us that this is undesirable, so some slight check is being placed upon this natural development by means of legislation. Restriction may barely suffice to maintain the decencies, but a living art cannot be created by law. The need for excessive legislation in such matters is not of good omen. "Thou

shalt not" is no substitute for "thou shalt" and the instinctive inclination to do the right thing. Alternatively "architecture" is being executed by borough engineers and officials of Government departments as substitutes for the failure of individualism. Of course, the apologist will immediately put forward the argument that our age has been so preoccupied with progress in certain directions that an even standard of development is hardly to be expected. This is rather like suggesting that an individual is so busy considering his good manners on some occasions that his behaviour at other times is quite revolting. Nothing will serve but extreme candour about the world we have created and the power to look upon it with the eye of truth. It is a difficult thing to do and most people are so completely insensitive as to be incapable of determining values.

There are two outstanding facts, however, in the sphere of the prime activities of building at the present moment. The first being the element of rapid and incoherent change—the second is the absence of quality in the majority of structures. One might be entitled to say that these things do not matter but to deny that they exist would be invincible ignorance.

Whether they matter or not perhaps still remains to be proved. At the risk of belabouring the point it is necessary to refer back once more to the early part of the argument as to the relationship that building bears to social organization as a whole both in its practical and symbolical character and to reiterate that it is a veritable measure of cultural values. If this is not accepted then it is useless to proceed to the further conclusions. But if it is even partially admitted, then it immediately becomes worth while to search historical data for parallel conditions to the present state, for these may possibly afford clues to the meaning of the phenomena.

There is no lack of example in history of the rise, decline and vanishing of architectural styles. Their sudden disappearance has usually been caused by the overwhelming of a people by conquest which has resulted in the imposition of an entirely new set of ideas and social organization as well as novel craft traditions and practice. Such a complete obliteration of a style is only possible with relatively isolated and small groups. But similar radical changes have occurred on a grand scale. We have two examples in Europe. The transition from the Classical to the Mediæval and from the Mediæval to the Renaissance. These two illustrations are particularly interesting because they have occurred among racially allied folk, namely Europeans. The first change was associated with a general collapse and retrogression and a relatively long period of reintegration; the second, although violent and radical, was not accompanied by the same material losses and the period of revival was relatively short. In both cases the obliteration of the previous symbolical code was almost complete. A purely physical explanation of the causes and effects is



EDITH EVANS
By MERVYN PEAKE

insufficient, for the primary physical factors remain almost constant, at any rate, over historical time. There is no change in the laws of gravity or the basic principles governing the use of such a material as stone, whether it be used to build the Basilica Julia or Chartres Cathedral, Westminster Abbey or Somerset House. A three dimensional enclosure of space may be accomplished as in Santa Sophia or Paddington Station. The character of the structure is determined not only by its material needs and technical understanding but by its relationship to the social order to which it belongs. It becomes, willy-nilly, a monument to the age in which it is erected. It is symbolism plus social purpose plus technical capacity.

There is a tendency to-day to applaud a rationalism which is rational only in regard to the restricted field of applied science. Such a tendency utterly disregards the limitations of this materialism, forgetting the possibility of the equal rationality of other aspirations emanating from the many-sided nature of man. In the excitement of novel conditions men forget that that which is desired of life by mankind remains constant in its essentials. Technical capacity is no measure of spiritual purpose. The Baths of Diocletian as an engineering feat was greatly in advance of the Parthenon, but as a work of art in the highest meaning of the term the latter building is the vastly superior. Complexity without the control of a strict adherence to purpose and direction is not by any means a desirable symptom. Although there never can be any exact parallel in history with any new situation, it is possible to see in the past that the highest degree of technical skill may be a concomitant of artistic decline and its forerunner. The Chapel of Henry VII at Westminster is technically a *tour de force* executed upon the very eve of the passing of the mediæval world and all its setting.

Complexity, diversity, discords between closely related factors, irrational rationality—Oxford Street—the reflection of our age is disordered not with the picturesque imagery of a mediæval town whose obedience was to the law and order of its own fantastic being, but with the discord of a world in which tune and rhythm is being lost.

Disintegration is apparent. This thing has happened before—is there then some law of growth, flower and decline? If there was a renaissance once, why not again? What is the seed that led to rebirth? What is it that anticipates reintegration?

[*Mr. Duncan will pursue the inquiry in a second article which will be published in our October issue—"Reintegration."*]

LYDIA AND THE RING-DOVES

By KAY BOYLE

THE laurel tree grew up to the window, and in the spring there were many things in its branches, for at that season its white flowers opened, not quite, but edging on to fullness, and it blossomed with reserve. In the month of April they were scattered all over the tree's brow like a milky veil. The other ornaments it wore were the ring-doves who came there to mourn. They peeled their bright, relentless eyes for sustenance and fluttered the black lace of feathers that marked their species on their throbbing throats.

Lydia gave them bread on the eaves and tried to stroke them. In all the strange country, they in their grieving had come closest to her heart. The bit of the sill with the rain or the sun lying on it, and the rosy eyes of the birds upturned to her, were the simplest things she had found in England. Everything else had a name and a form that made her own structure perish. Everything had a great and rooted life that set any being of the new world outside.

She tossed out the last of the crumbs and set her feet down on the floor. Here was her bedroom filled, for a wonder, with sun. And there in the glass, the reflection of the woman who had come to England to unbury the dead. She saw her own wise, pale face with the deep lines of concern in the cheeks, and the heavy auburn braids wound twice around. Whatever grey there was in her hair lay carefully hidden underneath, concealed by the coils, as if the hands of a Red Indian had been laid gently on her head. Almost forty, she thought grimly, and come to England to prove my identity.

She knew she belonged to the great: to the Earls and Dukes of Kingston-upon-Hull. The great, the great, she thought, and she turned again to look from the window. She had come to this place to lay her fingers on them. Dead great men to give her balance and background for her single life. Dead they must be, for living men seemed distasteful in the flesh to her. She had come to get the truth from old men's graves, to filch it from her ancestors. Behind her the books stood open in the room: the foolscap copies and brittle red seals were laid neatly on the table. She had never felt the want of money, but this other thing she had always wanted: the dignity of knowing what her own people had been.

"The Kingston titles became extinct on the duke's death without children on September 23, 1773," had been written, but town-records and family Bibles she would unearth to prove that this was not so. She wanted nothing the great might have left behind on earth,

except the satisfaction. She was never at ease with the blood in her own body if she could not know where it had flowed before. If there were any great men living now, surely they never came through Kingston. She stood at the window thinking that if ever a man of proud blood set foot on the path that ran smartly up the garden, the doves would change their tune and the laurel tree would burst widely into flower. If ever a sign of the great came walking through the hedge below, the white kernels of the laurel buds would unfurl completely like corn popping in the pan. The doves would cease their moaning, and instead shout : " Cæsar ! Cæsar ! "

The first time the vegetable-man stopped his cart in the lane, all the doves rose out of the branches and went circling over the house.

The vegetable-man halted in the lane, and there called out the names of all his vegetables as if he were summoning them to rise. His face was bleached and fair under the singular gold lick of his pompadour. He wore his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and a pair of washable trousers. The horse in the shafts of his cart was slick and round and firm, and it cropped the half-apple off his palm, sneezed in a shower, tossed its bit in its mouth and lipped its master's bare light arm. The doves fled down and lighted on the side of the open cart, and Lydia held her breath at the sight of all this happening below.

In a little while, as she watched, two young goats, as shy as deer, came stepping down the lane as if in answer to his voice. They came to the brink of his shadow and nibbled shyly at the cabbage-leaves that the vegetable-man ripped off and threw away. Strip, strip went the leaves of the cabbage torn from the stalk, and the little goats ran out their tongues like ribbons, each at the other brim of one mottled leaf, with their small chins wagging. Lydia saw that he had a gentleness for animals, whatever kind they were ; he had a special gift for each one of them and they followed behind him when he went away.

The vegetable-man had slapped the horse's flank with the flat of his hand, and the beast lifted up one leg and then the other, slowly, laboriously, bearing the cart away. The two little goats went stepping delicately behind him, and into the boughs of the laurel tree the doves returned and paced back and forth bemoaning. " Ah, God ! Ah, God ! " they said in grief and dropped their chinese white. And how strange, thought Lydia softly, that a man of the common people, a huckster, should have that wondrous gleaming poise and goodness in him. He seemed to her as clean and straight as a torch burning through frailty and through confusion to the very core of dignity that she had come to England to find.

When she went back to her work, the extravagance of this thought grew dim as the days passed over. But the vegetable-man came three times in the week down the lane, with his animals following behind him. She could see him from the window : a strange young man, it possessed her again, so rich in all the fleshly poise and grace

that she was upturning graves to find. A common young man, but one whose blooded stock stood upright in him. She wondered if some of his kin might not have once crossed sabres with her own lordly dead.

On the third day she found she was going austere down to buy a bunch of radishes from him. His clear blue eyes were on her as she took her pick. The little goats were shy of her, and the vegetable-man lifted one fair hand and laid it gently on the young goat's blunt-horned head.

"Good afternoon," she said, and a curious agitation shook her.

"Good afternoon, miss," the vegetable-man said.

Just as she opened her purse, the doves came circling down around them. The flock of them settled in a row on the side of the cart and the feathers of their throats filled up with sound. The thin, naked bird-feet clung quivering to the timber edge, and suddenly one dove dipped his head forward towards Lydia and snatched a radish-leaf from the bunch in her hand. *And lo, in her mouth*, thought Lydia wondering, *was an olive leaf pluckt off!* She took it as an omen: the waters of confusion had subsided, and now there was in life somewhere a crest of solid land.

"Them's Barbary doves," said the vegetable-man. "I got Runts and Carriers at home as neat as anything you ever saw."

It was strange to hear him speak; strange that any man should speak of birds as though they were so dear to him. Lydia could not lift her eyes to his face as she paid the coppers out.

"Sometimes when the wind's wrong," said the vegetable-man, "there's any number of Carriers gets blown out of their way and comes down for shelter."

Lydia looked up at him, touching her brow with her hand as if to re-arrange her hair but shielding her eyes from his uncanny gaze.

"I takes them home and cares for them until they're strong enough to take to the air again," he said gently; gently as a mother might have spoken of her young. Gently, thought Lydia, as her own mother had never spoken. It was wrong for a man, for a young man, to be so wise in mercy. Lydia looked straight through his clear eyes into the concern for what might become of a heart that stood there open like a refuge for any creature that cared to come.

"Carrier pigeons going over?" she murmured mindlessly to conceal her confusion.

"Pigeons or doves," said the vegetable-man. "It's all one and the same. Whatever you call them, they've all got a little ring around their foot, one just like the other. With a message sealed up in it just the same. I've had Frill-backs and Tumblers," he said to her. "But the Trumpeters are the sweetest of them all."

"How do you know?" asked Lydia, and her throat was dry with wonder. She held the bunch of radishes fiercely in her hand.

"They haven't no pedigree," said the vegetable-man. "They're riff-raff. That's what makes them the sweetest."

Lydia's heart went still for a moment, and she waited a little before speaking.

"Just mongrel birds," she said in a whisper. "I suppose they have no pretty feathers?"

"That's not what I mean," said the vegetable-man. "Take the Fantails or the Pouters even. You can't get anywheres with them. They got all kinds of history behind them, but what good does it do you? They ain't what I calls a human bird. Everything's gone to show and feathers. They're such swells they won't look at a Barbary."

Lydia saw the melting eyes of the young goat under his caressing hand, and the birds close about him as if he were endowed with pure Franciscan flesh. But she knew that he had spoken in ignorance, boldly and without perception, as a common man would naturally do. Suddenly she felt strong and possessed before him, and when she dropped her hand from her brow the startled doves flew off across the garden. She nodded her head to him shortly, seeing him a blond young lout, a serving-man as he would doubtless have been in any other century as well, impudent enough to say his say into the very teeth of the Duchess of Kingston's little granddaughter with several steps between.

But for the two days that followed, her sleep was disturbed by the thought of him: the pale-fleshed, ignorant young man who cast ancestors aside. She went out to the churchyard and read the stones, and to the town-hall for research, and she came back to her room, and still the ring-doves sat moaning their misery in the garden. And when she awoke in the morning they struck her with their grieving, like a wooden mallet striking the gong of her empty heart. But still she got up, and parted her hair through the middle, and brushed it back and forth on her head. She stood by the glass and saw there was something of youth left still, some vestige of it supple and gracious covering her bones. It was there now, she saw, but it would not be long before it had withered away.

It was the day that the vegetable-man would be passing, and when she heard his voice calling out between the hedge-rows she went down the stairs with her straw purse in her hand. Two English housewives were buying carrots and onions with care, and the two little goats were straying in his wake.

"Good afternoon, miss," said the vegetable-man to Lydia.

"Good afternoon," said Lydia. When she looked into his pale eyes the colour flew into her face. She put out her hand and touched the various green things in confusion. The lettuce was as fragile and white as frostwork, and the heads of the cabbages were lavishly brocaded over. She picked up a bouquet of parsley and laid its feathers

on her mouth. In the end of the cart stood a basket of apples whose faces had been polished high.

When the strange women returned to their houses, the ring-doves took courage and descended, murmuring, in a sudden gust of rain. The vegetable-man threw back his head to scan the heavens.

"I don't like the looks of it," he said to Lydia, and she saw the words taking shape in his long, strong, lifted throat. The things she had thought of him on other days now seemed false and shallow to her. She saw that he was a strong, gentle man, with a wisdom and sense for animals and weather. He knew the clouds and the winds, and the gait of beasts, and many other things besides. His knowledge was rich and heavy with fruit : its roots were settled in a wealthy loam. And what did she know but pages out of books, repeated ? Had she any feeling in her blood that she had not acquired from someone else's speech ?

"Which way is the wind ?" she said humbly to him.

"It's coming off the channel," the vegetable-man answered. "It's a bad way for any birds as are up. It's sure and certain to blow hard to-night."

He stripped off the outer leaves of the cabbage she had chosen, and turned to see if the young goats found it to their liking. It comes of love, thought Lydia. All the endowment of perception that he has, it comes from nothing else but a wide brooding love. She saw him bent away, selecting the rosy faces of the apples for her. Everything he had on the cart she wanted a part of. She wanted to climb back to her room with a sample to taste of everything he had tended and brought to fullness. And suddenly he turned around with the apples in his hands and said to her :

"I was talking to my mother last night about the colour of your hair."

Lydia's hand fled up to her heart and she saw the ring-doves whirl away.

"Ah, don't !" she said sharply. "You mustn't speak like that to me !"

Lydia opened up her purse.

"How much does that make ?" she said.

Sternly her pointed fingers paid out the coins to him. The vegetable-man was looking in surprise at her, but his gaze was clear and guileless.

"It's such a pretty colour," he said. "I meant you no offence."

She turned with her vegetables, and without a word walked sternly to the rooming-house. Just as she passed the threshold, a remnant of wind spun about her head and unloosened a mesh of her closely braided hair ; it licked across her eyes, straight out, as fierce as fire in the cheerless place.

How can the wind be so wild, in a country of such precision ! How can the wind cry out in such anguish, Lydia asked of every blast in the night. Where do the ring-doves go for refuge, and how do the flowers hold up their heads again in the morning ? After such a display, how can the sun come out as though nothing had taken place ? She slept little through the storm, and her own thoughts blew in a tempest through her body. There was nowhere within her left unassailed a deep, unshaken pool of strength. She was given to the dead, and to the names of the dead, and now her youth had gone by. What of the hair that blazed alive on her head ? It could not save her. She had been born with her heart burned dry. I want to be young, she said all night. But there was more than that to it. I want to be young, she said, and the thought of the fair young Englishman cast great leaves over her sorrow and clung and lingered like a burdened vine.

In the day she went down into the garden and saw the havoc right and left. Here was a bough snapped off, and here the bruised flowers laid low by the rain. She walked the length to the end, and there under the hedge she saw a pigeon lying. His wings were crucified out from his drenching breast, and there was a great hoop of naked flesh around each wounded eye. Lydia fell on her knees with a cry and lifted the grey bird up in her hands. He was living, for he stirred wildly in her fingers, and she laid his failing beak against her own warm mouth. She bore him up to her room and dried his feathers with the softest linen. She heard her own voice crooning above him, soothing and wooing him as she spread him, like a fan, before the fire.

"My darling, my darling," she whispered to the heedless scrolls of his fine ears. She would have given all she possessed to know a few words of his tongue.

About his ankle was the bracelet, just as the vegetable-man had said it would be. And where it joined was sealed the little message near his claw.

"You were so brave, my darling," she said to him. She could see him flying low in the storm over the anger of the Channel waves, flying all night from the other side. "You were so brave all night," she said, "and nothing shall ever harm you."

She wanted to pluck the terror from his eye and cast it forever away. She knew that later she would put the pigeon in a little basket and carry him on her arm to wherever the vegetable-man was. She would come into life at last, walking down the lane with the pigeon warm and restored in shelter, and ask boldly here and there for directions to the vegetable-man's home. The dead might lie in dust and rags in their graves, for now she had no use for them. She would go to the young Englishman wherever he was, and whatever else happened would happen the way it would.

At the shop at the end of the lane they told her where she could find him, and she put her hand in comfort through the basket's cover and laid her fingers on the pigeon's beating heart. She went down two streets and up another, and then she came to the vegetable-garden and the cottage where the vegetable-man must be. An old lady was sitting still in the doorway, basking after the storm, and Lydia knew that this was how she had expected to find her. Lydia stopped short at the gate and drew off her hat so that her hair might shine as she walked up the pathway. This was his mother, and his mother would know her by this sign.

But before she had gone far, the young man himself came from around the back of the cottage. There was no surprise in his face to see her there.

"I've brought you a pigeon that was blown down by the wind," she said. They stood looking at each other, but now she felt no confusion. "I knew you would take care of it," she said, "until it could fly on again."

"Yes," said the vegetable-man, and he put his hand in gently to lift the pigeon from the basket. "I'll put it in with the others," he said, and his hand brushed hers in passing. "It's skin and bone. I'll put it in the coop and feed it up for a day or two."

She followed him back to the wire place where a dozen or less pigeons were gathered, pecking at corn and flying a little over the wet black mud.

"I found them three this morning," said the vegetable-man, pointing out three drenched and shivering birds to her. The little green blinds of their lids were drawn up over their eyes. "They pick up over-night with corn and meal," he said, and he released Lydia's pigeon. "The saddest thing I ever seen in my life," he said, and Lydia's pigeon fluttered off from them as if its wings were broken in two. "The saddest thing is the gulls that get into oil on the water when they swoops down near a boat to pick up a bite to eat." The vegetable-man made fast the wire-door of the coop. "They can't never get the oil off themselves proper again," he said. "I've seen gulls dying one after another, stuck on the rocks somewhere with their wings fast, and nothing nearby to eat."

"Oh, dear," said Lydia softly. She wanted to find a word of solace to say to him, but there was nothing.

"Once," said the vegetable-man, and he ran his fingers through his fresh, light hair. "Once I was up to Whitby and I saw a lady-gull could scarcely stand up on her two feet and totter around the beach. She'd got into oil somewhere and she could never get it off her. But there was her husband, walking alongside of her and bringing her little fish and putting them down beside her. But she was too far gone by that time, stiff as a corpse with the oil all over her. And that husband, he wouldn't leave her to die there all to herself. Birds," he said, and

suddenly his smile seemed shy to her, "they never heard about divorce. A pigeon'll grieve and grieve himself away."

In the week, Lydia brought him two more pigeons who fell in the lane before the house, worn out by the wind that would not die. She set out in the morning with a bright, easy sense of pleasure, and as she took the way to his cottage she could feel her heart beating soft with love. The birds were dear to her now, and the flowers that sprang up in the hedges, and nothing had ever been dear to her before. It was the best time in England, it was May, and her heart was stirring wondrously with spring. When she thought of the dead, it now seemed that they had taken on life to her. She could fancy the Duchess of Kingston stepping regally down this very lane, shining with pleasure because she was going shamelessly to tryst with a common man, a countryman, and a tide of blood ran warm in Lydia's face.

The sun was high above the trees and the vegetable-man and his mother had already sat down to table. When Lydia came breathlessly in through the door she found them sitting at either side of the cloth with their plates steaming richly in the sun.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Lydia. "I just found another pigeon!"

"The fourth!" said the old woman. "Ah, you're too good to us, ma'am! If I set you a table to yourself, ma'am, would you sit down and have a bite to eat?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't trouble you!" said Lydia, but suddenly her eye fell upon the platter before them and she saw the shape of the food they were about to take: there were fresh peas from the garden set all around in the gravy, and in the centre was the form of a little roasted bird. Her tongue was so parched that she could scarcely bring speech to it. She pointed with one finger at the bird on the plate.

"What happened, what happened," she said, after a moment of terror, "what happened to the pigeon I brought on Monday?"

The vegetable-man shook his head and looked grievously at her.

"The poor little chap," he said with emotion. "He died during the night."

"Oh!" said Lydia. She felt her face go white and her heart was failing. "What about the two I brought on Wednesday?" she said. The walls of the room made a swoop like the flight of birds. And still the vegetable-man stood shaking his head in grief at her.

"Dead," said the vegetable-man and he opened his empty hands before her.

"Henry has a painless way of doing away with them," said the little old woman brightly. "He just holds their heads under in a glass of water."

"Oh!" said Lydia. "Oh!" she said, and she picked up her little basket. She felt her blood shuddering and shuddering throughout her body. "Yes," she said, "oh, yes, painless." And she fumbled her way out the door.

HENRY JAMES AND R. L. STEVENSON

By JANET ADAM SMITH

I

CRITICS and readers rarely couple the names of Henry James and R. L. Stevenson. In the houses where James's novels are a long row in the study, most of the Stevensons are up in the nursery or schoolroom, beside *The Three Midshipmen* and *The Coral Island*; in those where Stevenson is the chief literary ornament, in the uniform dignity of the Swanston Edition, or the Skerryvore, or the Tusitala, there is likely to be no book by James at all. Almost every work on the art of the novel written this century mentions James; and in the last few years critics concerned with the psychological processes of art, with the moral purpose of art, with the writer's place in society, have found illumination in his novels and letters. But Stevenson's achievement has been obscured by the indiscriminating enthusiasm of Stevenson societies, by a host of third-rate imitators, and by the concentration of his admirers and detractors upon every detail of his life. Mr. Lubbock is the only contemporary critic I have come across who gives the same serious attention to a novel by Stevenson that he gives to one by James. In this account of the two men's friendship and sympathies, I am putting in a plea for Stevenson as an artist whose work, for all its limitations of depth and intensity, may in some of its aspects be fitly and appropriately discussed along with the work of Henry James.

II

Although their friendship lasted until Stevenson's death in 1894, the two men only met during two and a half years. The first contact between them was in 1884, when James was 41 and Stevenson 34. James had contributed an article to *Longman's* on The Art of Fiction which moved Stevenson to further discussion in the magazine; James, who had heard much about Stevenson from Sidney Colvin, wrote him a most friendly letter on his article, "charged with the assurance of my enjoyment of everything you write"; and Stevenson replied with an invitation to visit him at Bournemouth. James did come, that December; and next summer, when he was in Bournemouth with his invalid sister, he spent much of his time with the Stevensons at Skerryvore; his visits are celebrated in two of the *Underwoods* poems. When the Stevensons sailed for the States in 1887, James saw them off with a case of champagne for the voyage; and "with an aching wing, an inadequate geography and an ineradic-

able hope," he followed their subsequent adventures in the South Seas. This "terrible far-offness" filled him with "a sort of delight at having you poised there in the inconceivable; and a miserable feeling, at the same time, that I am in too wretched a back seat to assist properly at the performance. I don't want to lose *any* of your vibrations." "You are too far away—you are too absent—too invisible, inaudible, inconceivable. Life is too short a business and friendship too delicate a matter for such tricks—for cutting great gory masses out of 'em by the year at a time. . . . I literally care for nothing but your return." At first there were hopes of a return, even if only for a visit. "Don't, oh *don't*, simply ruin our nerves and our tempers for the rest of life by *not* throwing the rope in September, to him who will, for once in his life, not miff his catch." Stevenson did not come; but Lloyd Osbourne came with gifts from Samoa "which make for ever in my sky-parlour a sort of dim rumble as of the Pacific surf." Then Stevenson wrote that he would never come home, except to die; but they still planned to meet half-way, somewhere warm, perhaps Cairo. That hope failed too. "Sometimes I think I have got through the worst of missing you and then I find I haven't," wrote James in 1892; and a year later, "The mere thought of you is better company than almost any that is tangible to me here, and London is more peopled to me by your living in Samoa than by the residence of almost anybody else in Kensington or Chelsea." He sent books out to Samoa—his own, Bourget's *Sensations d'Italie*, Zola's *Bête Humaine*, Hérédia's *Les Trophées*, the *Mémoires de Marbot*, the newest Anatole France, the first Kipling stories; when he heard of a food shortage, he wished he could also send a chunk of *mortadella* from Fortnum's. The letters from the South Seas about tribal wars and feasts, building a house and clearing the bush, fascinated and horrified James. "Where do you go when you want to be 'cosy'?—or what at least do you *do*?" When the news of Stevenson's death came, he went at once to their mutual friend Mrs. Sitwell, crying, "It isn't true, it isn't true, say it isn't true." He felt, as he wrote to Fanny Stevenson, "how much poorer and shabbier the whole world seems, and how one of the closest and strongest reasons for going on, for trying and doing, for planning and dreaming of the future, has dropped in an instant out of life." Even five years later, writing to Gosse, he owned that "I find myself, somehow, unable to think of Louis in these days (much more to speak of him) without an emotion akin to tears." He had been named as one of Stevenson's executors; but refused on the grounds of his inexperience in business affairs.

III

It is not, however, so much their attraction for each other that I wish to emphasize, as their need for each other. They were the two

most conscious novelists of their time in England ; they thought more profoundly about their art, and cared more intensely for it, than any of their contemporaries—Hardy, Meredith, Kipling. They had both read widely among the great French novelists ; they had a background of European literature ; there is never a sign of provinciality in their works. The 1884 articles in *Longman's* showed each how much the other shared his seriousness. Some differences of opinion had been expressed in them ; and in a letter which is a model for literary controversy, Stevenson urged James “ for my own education and the public's . . . to follow me up with every circumstance of defeat where we differ, and (to prevent the flouting of the laity) to emphasize the points where we agree.” To establish a “ thoughtful interest in the art of literature ” was the all-important business ; neither was concerned with scoring points in argument. Stevenson had already realized that any artist working with a deliberate purpose ran the risk of finding no fit audience ; but from this moment he knew he had one reader who would always understand what he was doing. He had no doubt which of them was the better artist : “ Each man among us prefers his own aim, and I prefer mine ; but when we come to speak of performance, I recognize myself, compared with you, to be a lout and slouch of the first water.” But what mattered was that they should both recognize that novel-writing was an exacting art ; and their criticism of each other's work was acute and technical, one craftsman speaking to another. They discussed the key and the tone of a novel ; the lighting of the incidents ; the point of view ; the difficulties of realizing the original conception. The “ part scene ” in *Lady Barbara* filled Stevenson with despair at its craftsmanship : “ Every touch surprises me by its intangible precision ; and the effect when done, as light as syllabub, as distinct as a picture, fills me with envy.” James's one criticism of *Catriona* (he found it “ reeks and hums with genius ”) was that the visual sense was starved ; Stevenson, acknowledging the acuteness of this observation, rejoined with the reasons for his deliberate policy of “ War to the adjective ” and “ Death to the optic nerve.” Of a new project, James wrote—“ I want to leave a multitude of pictures of my time, projecting my small circular frame upon as many different spots as possible and going in for number as well as quality, so that the number may constitute a total having a certain value as observation and testimony. But there isn't so much as a creature here even to whisper such an intention to. . . . Criticism is of an abject density and puerility.” Again, sending *The Tragic Muse*, “ seriously and selfishly speaking, I can't (spiritually) afford *not* to put the book under the eye of the sole and single Anglo-Saxon capable of perceiving—though he may care for little else in it—how well it is written.” This dependence is all the more striking in that James and Stevenson numbered among their friends the best literary company of their time. Yet James was exasperated by Meredith, who

had nothing more to say of a novel than that he "liked it," or "didn't like it so much"; while Stevenson found that even Colvin could be dense and remark that there was "an artistic problem of a kind" in *The Ebb-Tide*—as if there could ever *not* be one!

As for the public in general, Stevenson, whose work sold well, had as low an opinion of it as James, who hardly sold at all ("I *don't* sell ten copies! . . . —But I never mention it—nearer home"). In a letter to Gosse in 1886, Stevenson wrote: "What the public likes is work (of any kind) a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy, a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it; it should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain. I know that good work sometimes hits; but, with my hand on my heart, I think it is by an accident. And I know also that good work must succeed at last; but that is not the doing of the public; they are only shamed into silence or affectation." Later it was "that great, hulking, bullerling whale, the public"; and the year before his death Stevenson warned a younger writer that "The little, artificial popularity of style in England tends, I think, to die out; the British pig returns to his true love, the love of the styleless, of the shapeless, of the slapdash and the disorderly." James and Stevenson were both constantly vigilant, even with each other, to discriminate between writing and journalism, art and manufacture. "He is all smart journalism and cleverness: it is all bright and shallow and limpid, like a business paper—a good one, *s'entend*," were Stevenson's second thoughts on Kipling, to whom James had introduced him; he was careful to emphasize that his own history of Samoa was only "journalism," his own *Wrecker* "a machine" (though James found it a "brave and beautiful" one). When he reported his amusement in novels by Anstey and Marion Crawford, James protested, "I can't go with you three yards in your toleration. . . . I make no bones to pronounce them shameless *industriels* and their works only glories of Birmingham." They were both strong in opposing the increasing realism of the novel—recognizing that a work of imagination must live by its own laws and only take so much from life as served its purpose. Neither had any use for the raw, untrimmed "slice of life." Once, after an afternoon's talk with a new acquaintance, Stevenson wrote "I feel as if I could put him in a novel with effect; and ten to one, if I know more of him, the image will be only blurred"; and James, hearing in a neighbour's casual remark at a dinner-party the germ that was to grow into *The Spoils of Poynton*, endured agony in having to listen to "the fatal futility of fact" that the end of the conversation revealed. Quite possibly it was a passage in Stevenson's own life (reported by a mutual friend before the two had actually met) that furnished James with the hint for *The Author of Beltraffio*; but the *events* of that story are not rooted in fact.

They both felt the degradation of public taste, the disesteem of

art, the carelessness of writers towards their craft, as a national disgrace ; to them it was the artist's duty, as much as the soldier's, to keep his country's credit high. " I look on, I admire, I rejoice for myself," wrote Stevenson on receiving *Soldiers Three*, " but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature I am wounded. If I had this man's fertility and courage, it seems to me I could heave a pyramid." " If it hadn't been for *Catriona*," wrote James in 1893, " we couldn't, this year, have held up our head. It had been long, before that, since any decent sentence was turned in English." I find this pride in only one other contemporary of theirs, Gerard Manley Hopkins : " A great work by an Englishman is like a great battle won by England." It is worth noting, incidentally, that Hopkins realized,* perhaps as clearly as James, what Stevenson was trying to do in his stories and novels.

IV

What each of the two delighted to recognize in the other was a sense of the height and sacredness of art—and its appalling demands. There was never any word in their letters of tossing a book off in a month, like a modern best-seller : it was always talk of re-writing, re-drafting, beginning again, altering in proof, a snail's rate of progress. " That is the hard part of literature. You aim high, and you take longer over your work, and it will not be so successful as if you had aimed low and rushed it." But when the demands seemed too much, Stevenson had " that glimmer of faith (or hope) which one learns at this trade, that somehow and sometime, by perpetual staring and glowering and re-writing, order will emerge " ; and James could believe in " all the high sane forces of the sacred time fighting, through it, on my side ! " About work produced in that temper there could never be any question of self-conceit, of personal pride ; James and Stevenson delighted freely in their own creations, but always with the loving detachment of the genuine artist towards something now complete in itself, and so no longer part of him—never with the embarrassed real or mock modesty of the imperfect artist who cannot separate the thing he has made from his own personality. James fondling Mrs. Gereth or Hugh Vereker, Stevenson hugging Thrawn Janet or David Balfour, are proud as artists, conscious of the privilege of working at such intensity, never for one second self-complacent.

O the height and depth of novelty and worth in any art ! and O that I am privileged to swim and shoulder through such oceans ! Could one get out of sight of land—all in the blue ! Alas not, being anchored here in flesh, and the bonds of logic being still about us.

But what a great space and a great air there is in these small shallows where alone we venture ! and how new each sight, squall, calm, or sunrise !

* See his letter to Bridges of 28th October, 1886 ; and to Dixon, 15th August, 1883.

This confession of Stevenson's, made to Henley when he was 32, can be set without incongruity beside the testament, written only for himself, that was discovered among James's papers after his death :

I come back, I come back, as I say, I all throbbingly and yearningly and passionately, oh mon bon, come back to this way that is clearly the only one in which I can do anything now, and that will open out to me more and more, and that has overwhelming reasons pleading all beautifully in its breast. What really happens is that the closer I get to the problem of the application of it in any particular case, the more I get *into* that application, so that the more doubts and torments fall away from me, the more I know where I am, the more everything spreads and shines and draws me on and I'm justified of my logic and my passion.

V

This similarity in their attitude to art is all the more striking because their aims were so different. In their sympathy there is nothing of the mutual admiration of a persecuted coterie ; and each could recognize the integrity of the other's work though it was not of his own kind : " Stick to your own system of evocation so long as what you positively achieve is so big." There are the obvious differences of subject-matter : in the one, flights in the heather, quests for buried treasure, the adventures of the gipsy, the rover, the bohemian ; in the other, the great country-houses of England, the palazzos of Venice, the cultured and decadent Europeans, the refined and moneyed Americans. But more fundamental are the two different ways of seeing the given subject. When Stevenson thought of a new idea, he saw it at once in terms of chapter-headings, titles, names of characters ; in his account of the genesis of *The Master of Ballantrae* he described how one incident occurred to him, then another, how the nature of the incidents determined what kind of characters the story should have. Sometimes he would reverse the process—take a character and choose incidents to develop it (I should guess that *Weir of Hermiston* began with his interest in Lord Braxfield) ; or his starting-point might be the atmosphere of a place, as it is with *The Merry Men*, and he would create action and persons to express it. James saw a subject first as a *value*—something central, which every incident, character and scene should illuminate. Stevenson wrote *Treasure Island* to fit a map drawn for a boy's entertainment. When James described *The Awkward Age* to his publishers, he drew on a sheet of paper " the neat figure of a circle consisting of a number of small rounds disposed at equal distance about a central object. The central object was my situation, my subject in itself, to which the thing would owe its title, and the small rounds represented so many distinct lamps, as I liked to call them, the function of each of which would be to light with all due intensity one of its aspects." When

we think of a James novel we have read long ago, what shines out from the mist of forgotten detail is this "central object"—the generosity of Milly Theale, played on by the greed of others; the receptive innocence of Maisie; the beautiful richness of life in Paris as Lambert Strether saw it. But when we recall a Stevenson, it is Alan Breck and Cluny at cards in the Cage on Ben Alder; or the Master and Henry Durie fighting in the frosty wood by candlelight; or the young man handing round the cream tarts in the oyster bar off Leicester Square. It is always a scene, as clearly outlined as the twopence-coloured paper scenes for a toy theatre Stevenson bought as a child. It was, of course, a deliberately planned effect: "Vital—that's what I am, at first, wholly vital, with a buoyancy of life. Then lyrical, if it may be, and picturesque, always with an epic value of scenes, so that the figures remain in the mind's eye for ever." Stevenson did not lack interest in character, or the play of one personality on another; and James quoted the quarrel scene in *Kidnapped* as an example of the "rare transparency" possible to the novel—"it can illustrate human affairs in cases so delicate and complicated that any other vehicle would be clumsy." But with Stevenson it is only in terms of the scene that we can recapture the "human affair."

While James would always work on a subject from the outside, Stevenson would immerse himself, and draw his readers in with him. It is not the immersion of a day-dream, and we are not to assume that, because so many of his novels are told in the first person, Stevenson wished to identify himself with the adventurer-hero. The figure of the narrator is always brilliantly clear, seen from every side; and often the form of narration is used for a calculated effect, that the action may be reflected through the mirror of one particular mind. Stevenson threw himself into his novels because his novels showed the kind of life he would like—not so much in the literal sense that he would like to go treasure-hunting with Jim Hawkins or take to the heather with Alan Breck, as in the general sense that life appeared to him, at its most vivid and romantic, as scene and incident—a ship putting out from harbour with a dear cargo; a horseman rattling with his whip on the green shutters of an inn at midnight. Those moments in his life which gave him the acutest pleasure read most like his novels—a ride through the lines of a native army in Samoa, past the pickets at the ford; a sight of the rebel king at night "galloping up our road upon unknown errands"; hearing a woman sing deep in the forest.

VI

These different aims in their novels are rooted in different attitudes towards life. For James, the life of the artist was enough; his keenest experience was the play of his "inexhaustible sensibility" and his



WASHING AT THE SINK

By ALISON DEBENHAM

From the Summer Exhibition at the Zwemmer Galleries

greatest wish that when he saw a new "value" hovering before him, his genius should not fail him; but Stevenson wanted the life of action as well. "I ought to have been able to build lighthouses and write *David Balfours* too," he wrote within a year of his death, remembering the "pyramids and monuments" of his forbears set round the coasts of Scotland. He had deliberately chosen the life of a writer, and he had strenuously refused to be turned into an engineer or an advocate; but from the beginning his writings envisage life as action. All his works—particularly the essays on abstract subjects—abound with images of action; life is expressed in terms of travellers arriving at inns, sailors making landfall, armies setting out to the sound of drums. His health did much to emphasize his passion for action. Not to be ill, not to be on his back, was in itself a joy; and to be able, as he was in Samoa, to walk all day through the bush, to be in the saddle for five hours on end, to be out in the heat overseeing the building of his house, to sail among islands, to be drenched through and catch no cold—this was extraordinary happiness, a compensation for the years of coughing and blood-spitting at Davos, Hyères and Bournemouth. Those years of "slow dissolution" made a sudden death seem the only good one—"I wish to die in my boots"; and he chose to be remembered in his epitaph as the sailor and the hunter. But I think the fundamental reason is that, passionately as he valued the life of art, he had not James's faith in his vocation. He had worked his talent faithfully, but knew it was not the greatest. "I think *David Balfour** a nice little book, and very artistic, and just the thing to occupy the leisure of a busy man; but for the top flower of a man's life it seems to me inadequate." "My skill deserts me, such as it is, or was. It was a very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry. . . . I cannot take myself seriously, as an artist; the limitations are so obvious." "o'6 of me is artist; o'4, adventurer. . . . And if it had not been for my small strength, I might have been a different man in all things."

VII

James never questioned Stevenson's talent in his own field, and he grudged every atom of energy that was put into other activities than writing; he even grudged the energy spent on ballads, "because I love so your divine prose and want the comfort of it. Things are various because we do 'em. We mustn't do 'em because they're various." In a letter to Colvin about the Vailima Letters, after Stevenson's death, he spoke of "the Samoan personalities, politics, etc.; all to me almost squalid," and of "the irritating effect of one's sense of

* Title of *Catriona* as published serially in the American *Atalanta*.

his clearing the very ground to be able to do his daily work." Further, as James realized, the life of action must be paid for. In 1892 Stevenson earned nearly £4,000, but the new house at Vailima, the horses and the black boys and the roads through the bush, the huge hospitality to chiefs, missionaries, naval officers, and visitors from England, ate up every penny. This spectacle, as revealed in the published letters, was agony to James: "the forcing of production, in the case of a faculty so beautiful and delicate, affects us almost as the straining of a nerve or the distortion of a feature." *He* never sacrificed art to life; yet there is nothing priggish in his attitude to Stevenson, only warm human sympathy for the writer with no unearned income, for the man for whom "life became bigger . . . than the answering effort could meet," and exultation that, for all these demands, Stevenson should never be careless, never be shoddy, that at his death he should be working, in *Weir of Hermiston*, more brilliantly and surely than ever before.

And yet James knew that the life of action would have to be paid for at last. With uncanny precision he foretold Stevenson's fate, in a letter written to Gosse in 1901 on the publication of Graham Balfour's *Life*.

I see now that a really curious thing has happened. . . . Insistent publicity, so to speak, has done its work (I only knew it was *doing* it, but G.B.'s book's a settler), and Louis, *qua* artist, is now, definitely, the victim thereof. That is, he has *superseded*, personally, his books, and this last replacement of himself so *en scène* (so largely by his own aid, too) has *killed* the literary baggage.

Very effectively the Stevenson legend *has* killed the literary baggage. But now that the image of Tusitala has become a little dusty, now that the stream of reminiscences about him has almost dried up, it seems possible to hope that Stevenson's stories may once more be taken at their own value by the serious reader; and that a generation which has never been bothered by hero-worship may read *The Beach of Falesà*, or *Thrawn Janet*, with the same attention as it reads *The Author of Beltraffio*, or *The Turn of the Screw*, and find in reading them the same delight as once did Henry James.



Wood Engraving by ANN GILLMORE CARTER

JUNGLE

By JOHN GLOAG

IT'S really awfully good of you to have arranged for this gentleman to come and hear my story. I've taken up so much of your time already that I hardly like to claim any more. But I felt I ought to put it before a journalist or somebody in the writing line connected with a newspaper, and now you've kindly made that possible.

You see, in a way it's—well, how can I put it? I suppose it's rather like some kind of an expedition. After all, I've discovered something, haven't I?—if I can put it that way. Well, I won't take up too much of his time, and it's very kind of him to come. I'll go right on and tell just how it happened. Stop me if either of you want to ask a question, or I don't seem to be clear.

It was the strangest experience for me, because, you see, I'd only read about jungles; I'd never actually been in one; and that first experience—getting right in, as it were. . . . D'you know the first thing that struck me? I said to myself, Lord! it's just like the Palm House at Kew Gardens—you know, that sort of stuffy, ferny, hot-water-pipe sort of smell that hangs about the Palm House. I'd often wondered as a kid if the tropics smelt like that, and I was really pleased to find that's exactly what the jungle smelt like. Only a passing whiff, though. It didn't go on smelling like that. Maybe it was so strong that my sense of smell got a bit deadened, or maybe I got interested in some of the other smells. I didn't notice any other smells at first. It was the whole wonderful and wild sort of dark beauty of the place that got me. I'm no hand at word-painting, gentlemen, but I just realized when I got into that jungle why Negroes were black. It was all part of a queer colour scheme that Nature has worked out—the Negroes are black because, well, if they were any other colour they wouldn't *belong*, if you see what I mean. How did I get there? Well, I'm coming to that—just a moment. I think I ought to give you my impressions, my first impressions, before I tackle the history of how I got there. They're important, you see.

I was surprised at the trees because they all began such a long way up. And they had very big roots, much *higher* roots than I'd ever seen in trees before. You had to climb right over them and go up and down a bit instead of just trampling them underfoot. And then the grass. I suppose it was jungle grass or bush or something, I don't know the exact terms—you understand, I'd never *lived* there before, although oddly enough I found myself used to the place. I don't remember looking up much; I was much more interested in things that were close to the ground—and the ground, if I can put it that

way, seemed *close*—very close indeed. Perhaps it was the queerness of those big roots to the trees, or the tallness of the grasses—I'm not sure. Anyway, I wandered in that jungle, and you know I'd always read that if you were turned loose in the jungle you went round in circles ; that you lost your head, and that you got a sort of jungle terror that gripped hold of your heart and twisted it up into a knot inside and got you all of a hopeless, helpless dither. Believe me, gentlemen, *nothing like that happened to me*. I enjoyed every minute of my time in that jungle—and the queer little noises : they were just fascinating.

There was something that kept on making a noise like *chicket* ! It went on and on : *chicket, chicket, chicket, chicket, chicket*. And in the sort of dark-grey light that was over everything—that reminds me, gentlemen, I don't quite recall having seen light like that anywhere else. It was exactly as if you were seeing things by night, but without the inky sort of blackness of night. Well, as I was saying, in that dark, greyish sort of light everything was very black and sharp and you could see the grass moving and quivering as you looked down the long, thin avenues of the jungle. They reminded me rather of the pictures you see taken of the Underground Railway tunnels ; quite round the tunnels seemed, and the trees and grasses curved round and looked rather like the inside of a tube railway—rows of ribs, going side by side into the black distance ; only they were dark-grey instead of that rusty sort of whitewash there seems to be on the inside of tube tunnels.

I hope I'm making myself clear. I hope I'm not muddling up descriptions because I happen to be a bit observant. Well, as I got into the jungle and walked on—but perhaps you'd like to know why I walked on. You see, I had a sense that it was a great adventure, and that it might be my only chance of ever having one. I seemed to know my way, and I wasn't a bit scared. It was marvellous, walking softly, ever so softly, down those dark-grey tunnels. I felt I was living every minute of my life with a terrific thrill—I suppose it's the sort of thrill a man gets when he breaks a speed record and feels that he's lived every second for a few minutes, as dangerously and excitingly as it's possible for a man to live. Well, gentlemen, creeping through that jungle I felt just like that ; and I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that I really felt as confident as a really keen racing motorist must feel. I was absolutely under control. And I kept on congratulating myself that the jungle couldn't get me rattled.

Then there were all the exciting smells and noises. At first there was only the Palm House smell that I told you about, and that *chicket, chicket, chicket* noise. Then other smells began to creep in and make themselves known. There was a scent of wet, crushed leaves—a vinegary sort of smell, and I could smell the bark of the trees ; a greenish, leathery kind of smell, that was. Gentlemen, you

can't describe smells. It's not possible. The words aren't there. There's no language of the nose. As I went on I could hear very, very soft noises, as if there were people round about me who were watching my approach and gradually creeping away from my path. You know, I took it well. I took it kindly. I felt that if there were people round there—natives and what not—that they were doing the right thing ; they were letting me enjoy the jungle alone. And it wasn't, oh, for quite a long time that I began to wonder whether perhaps they'd never seen anything quite like me before, or whether, maybe, they were afraid. I don't know. Perhaps I was an unusual experience for them. I didn't think that there were any parts of the world where natives hadn't come across white men. They say, don't they, that there are no parts of the world left unexplored, although I've always felt that that was rather a big claim.

However, these noises did suggest that men, and other things, were stealing away from my path—withdrawing, as it were, and leaving me a clear, free road to wander wherever I wished to wander. That's well-mannered, I said to myself. And it *was* the essence of hospitality. They might have felt that I should have been, shall we say, embarrassed. It was their jungle, not mine. And then, gentlemen, I made an odd sort of discovery which puzzled me a bit. Very well, before I go on to that I'll explain how I got there.

You see, it wasn't a bit like an ordinary holiday. Not a bit. I had to have a change. I've been told in this very room often enough that I ought to make an effort to get right away from everything, and uproot myself, as it were. And everything was made very easy for me. I got Molly and the children down comfortably to Devonshire and settled them into that farm at the edge of Exmoor, and then I went off on my own, and I felt I wanted to get right away, right into the heart of Nature. And I reckoned I'd have to go abroad for that ; not one of these conventional ordinary sort of foreign holidays with a tourist agency holding one hand and a crowd of foreigners helping themselves to everything you've got in your pockets. I wanted to get right away to the—well, to where I got. Back into the jungle. I don't know quite why I said *back* into the jungle because I'd never been there before. We'll skip over how I got there—that's the most sensible thing to do ; you don't want to be bothered with details of travel. Really, it was quicker getting right away than I'd ever thought was possible. From the time I put my car up at that place in the New Forest on the road to Southampton to the time I got there—well, there seemed to be hardly any interval. I suppose, come to think of it, most of England was jungle once. Perhaps not, though—I've heard of ice ages and that—there's nothing icy about my jungle—and that's another funny thing.

I knew it was hot ; but the heat didn't mean anything to me at all. I just bathed in it and liked it. Stealing along between and over those

great big tree roots, and being close to the ground, smelling all those warm, earthy smells, and getting excited at the thought that something might presently flit across the tunnel I was walking down and give me a chance—there—no, no, of course, I mustn't get too excited. You told me that last time I went over the story. Thanks for reminding me. But it was an odd situation for an Englishman to find himself in, anywhere. Funny that the jungle took me that way ; but perhaps this particular jungle always affected white men like that.

It came upon me quite suddenly what I was doing. I don't know why I realized it ; but—perhaps I can show you better if you put the light out. Do you mind ? Are you sure your friend won't mind ? It's essential, you know, because—ah, thank you. I can explain better in the dark.

I realized quite suddenly that I was walking through that jungle at night. At *night*, gentlemen. And I was seeing everything as plainly as if it was day. Now why was that ? Can you guess ? It's because, gentlemen, I was walking like this. You see, although the light's out and it's quite dark in here, I'm not knocking anything over, am I ? I'm not knocking my head against the legs of the chairs or the table. I can see everything in this room as I saw it then. I can see the legs of your friend over there just as I saw that little white flash of a succulent little animal, I don't know what it was, some sort of jungle hog, I suppose, round and white. Gentlemen—it was just irresistible ! There now ! I do hope your friend won't mind ! No, I didn't really mean to bite. Really, sir, I'm frightfully sorry, and I expect only the skin is grazed, although I have torn the stuff rather badly. Still—it can be invisibly mended. Please forgive me—but I got carried away. I discovered, you see, gentlemen, that I was walking on four feet in that jungle, and that the eyes I was looking out of weren't my usual eyes. That's why I could see in the dark. That's why I've felt ever since that the only possible thing to be is what I was then. Unfortunately there are no facilities for that in England. Yes, I don't mind the light being on now, thank you.

It's a good story, isn't it ? But what am I to do about it ? You've been wonderfully sympathetic—what's that ? Your friend thinks that there *may* be facilities in this country ? No, *not* in this country. I quite understand. He's heard of my jungle ? In spite of the fact that I've forgotten where it is and can't even remember how I got there ? You could actually arrange to send me back ? It's only a question of a signature on a form ? I'd no idea you were interested in any sort of travel agency—oh, perhaps it's your friend. Oh, you both sign it, do you ? And there's a car waiting here ready and I can start now ? I must say you're thoughtful. I'd no idea, no idea at all, that you could work so fast, doctor. Of course, I'd be delighted to go now. I shan't even bother about luggage. What's the use of luggage to a leopard ?

BEACH-MADE MODELS

By JACK B. YEATS

EVERY day our eyes are delighted and our hearts filled, almost, with rejoicing (I say "almost" for envy squeezes in a little way) by the photographs in the Press of wonderful models, many of which have taken countless (though some shipbuilders do count) hours to build. Some models are so tiny that they would sit happily with the Lord's Prayer on a threepenny bit. Others are enormous, on a scale of an eighth of an inch to a foot.

We have all seen pictures of lovely models; and some, the lucky ones, have seen with their fleshy eyes, and touched with their fleshy fingers, where there was no boxing in of a glass case, the actual shrouds of *Thermopylæ*, *The Sovereign of the Seas*, the little *Puritan*, ah! she had bright cannon, *The Moonbeam*, *The Alba*, she was a steamboat, with steam pumps, and she needed them when she made that short turn of hers. They should have had the sea banked for her.

The more perfect the model, the more stay-at-home a life she leads. That's not to say that the tall racing cutters who scoop up every little bubble of the wind, and then go and point themselves into his eye, are not perfect. Most perfect indeed, but cloyed about with the realism of their owners, who must keep a hold on common sense, and believe that they are engaged in a sport that, by some smart discovery of a new jib, may be of service to humanity.

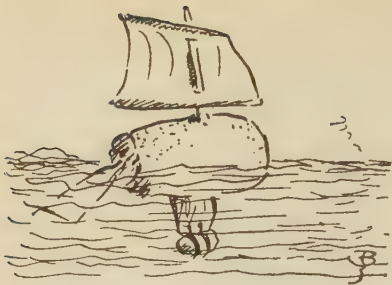
"Oh, God! she's sailing like a witch to-night." That with your teeth clinched, sir, on the mouth-piece of a briar pipe, and the vizor of a model yachting cap pulled over the eye. But binnacle for binnacle, belaying-pin for belaying-pin, those replicas from the old who's who of ships are too precious to be risked on the rough and tumbling sea with the salt that



A net cork, a piece of slate for a rudder.



A straw-bottle skep.

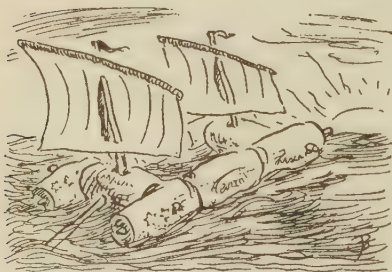


Cork from a bottle, wooden keel
with a pebble tied to it.

choice to fill that niche, here is a number of drawings of model boats "all guaranteed to sail" as the toyshop men say, and made by me, at different times, on different beaches, with the combings of those beaches, and costing—nothing at all. There were always in my pockets three chinks, black, blue, and red, to colour yards and write the names on ships; and for the sails I had leaves from my sketch book. Wasn't it Shelley who risked a fiver? but on an inland lake.

My ships "Rose to the swelling of the voiceful Sea."

I would like to honour the man who invented the clothes-peg ship. But that was the old-fashioned peg. I have, in my days, found the later spring peg useful to hold a centre board on a catamaran. But she was built in a house before leaving for the beach.



Bottle corks pinned together with
matches.

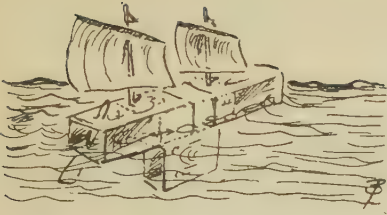
turns gold paint so green, or even on the brown waters of a little gentle flash of a lake among the mild hills, where only zephyrs, pushed on by the breasts of fleeting swallows, care to blow out of a winter-time.

Many of these impudent brave ships cost a considerable amount of money for materials, but others have been built for a very few shillings. All have the dignity of beauty—none its absurdity. For a

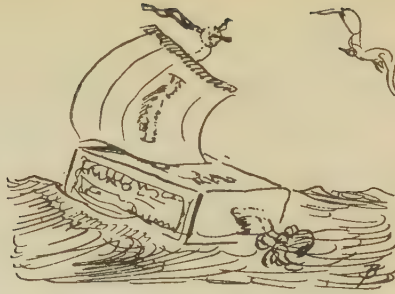


A banana skin, the fruit neatly
removed, a piece of skin to step the
mast, matches.

None of these beach-made models of mine (here I stop to apologize to anyone who thought, by the title of this paper, that they were to hear of a parade of mannequins in costumes woven of seashells and seaweed). None of my beach models is placed before you with any of the satisfaction of parent ingenuity. I don't consider any of them particularly ingenious. But my hope is that truly mechanical-fingered men will light on the makings of far more



Friendly the First, three matchbox cases, one for bow, one for stern, one for keel, one box amidships. Lugs cut in keel case, slipped into slots in box.



Friendly the Third, matchbox with cotton covered pipe-cleaner as mast and, twisted round a pebble, as rudder.

wonderful ships than these. I do not consider my work has ingeniousness. I do not think my guardian angel, who brought me the materials, and suggested that I should build and launch—well, not “suggested,” “inspired” me to build and launch, had, if he ever worked in a shipyard, been promoted beyond the singing gang who made trenails. He had five splendid thumbs on either hand. But I’m too modest. I once was ingenious. On a dark September evening when blowzy autumn was in her cups, a tumbling wave close inshore; but if a small ship could get beyond that flinging wave and out on the dark waters of the bay, she might sail away for ever—or as long as I could see her. I made her with a mast and a sail alow and aloft, above the deck, below the keel. Head or Harp, she had her tosser’s luck, equal to either fortune.

“Like a bird that’s bred amongst the Helicons.”



THE WASHERMAN'S WISDOM

By P. M. HARI

“**T**HE sooner we are rid of it, the better,” cried the woman of the house indignantly : “ What hell-hag is this ! There is no end to the trouble she brings or to the complaint she causes.”

“ But what shall we do now ? ” interjected the dhobi, in a tone of desperate resignation, tethering the donkey to her post in the dilapidated shed in the backyard. He had just brought her home after a long and weary game of over two hours in the evening.

It was the washerman's donkey ; a wanton beast verily. A she-donkey, she had all the whims and vices of her sex and the species. She was a fondling and grew into a young bolter ; a lover of freedom and romance. She sometimes took delight in playing upon the weakness of her master ; and when he was angry she would laugh aloud at him and prance off in glee. Breaking her in was a terrible business, and even after she had learnt her work, she gave abundant trouble to her master on most week-days. She could be made to attend to business only by the free use of the leash and the lash ; and whenever the attention of the master strayed from the former of the two instruments of discipline she made a swift and silent use of her jaws and made a summary escape, startling him with a wild glee or jocose sneer. Sometimes she would quietly find her way at dead of night into the neighbouring vegetable gardens of the villagers and make a wholesome repast of the sprouting greens. On holidays, when out on the plains, it afforded a good evening's long exercise to the master and an afternoon's sport to the merry young folk of the place to put her on the way home. The donkey was the only one of her race in the locality, and so she and the boys of the place took to each other cordially. But hardly a day passed without her convulsing the hamlet with some exhibition of her powers of mischief.

Despite the perverse nature of the animal the washerman was loath to part with it even for a fabulous price, for she was in his eyes a precious possession and a prodigy. The donkey was the only property of the man. But she was much superior to the members of her tribe. She could carry larger loads than any of her kind, and she was highly intelligent too. She could correctly divine the place of her master's business from the quality and quantity of the load on her back, and, if well disposed, as she sometimes felt, she would, as soon as the burden was put on her back, trot off to her destination without a word of direction from her master and await him at the proper place in extreme complacency to receive his happy compliment.

The dhobi had a further important reason for being particularly attached to the animal. Men who are not blessed with progeny lavish their parental affection on pets and domestic animals. The launderer had no children, and so he brought up his donkey with all the warmth and care he would bestow on a child of his own blood.

The next day the washerman had to deliver the clothes of a European planter whose washing he had recently undertaken. His wayward donkey proved particularly truant that day. But nothing could shake his promise or his punctuality. So he determined to take upon himself the duty of his servant and started in the afternoon for the planter's residence.

A dark, tall, slim figure well over forty, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes and a black bush of hair overgrowing his upper lips, the washerman issued out of his cramped hut, attired in a clean piece of loincloth that reached just down his knees and a huge white mundas (turban) perched on his head. A large bundle of clothes was on his back. Turned into something hardly more than a huge-humped quadruped, he entered the crumbling, old, scarecrow bazaar, festooned with cobwebs, when his bare-backed, bearded customers and idle acquaintances looking through the corners of their eyes began to accost him with sly enquiries about the well-being and whereabouts of his favourite servant, the donkey. Meanwhile the lean, dirty, ragged, black and brown urchins of the street that knew well the capricious nature of the donkey and the man's uncommon attachment to her, sallied forth behind him, like a pack of hungry rats let loose, jumping and screaming, clapping hands, shouting and bursting into wild laughter at the self-imposed compulsory courtesy of the washerman to his beloved beast. They followed him some distance attempting to tug at his bundle. The poor man's blood boiled within him, and his face reddened with a horrid flush.

Before crude eyes even little things assume large proportions. The self-conceit of the washerman was stung to the quick by the sport of the bazaar. He felt that even the good name that he had earned by his diligence and sagacity, nay, the very reputation of his race for wisdom, was at stake. His ire and indignation were whipped up. Nevertheless he ate his gall and swaggered on. But as he proceeded cursing his star and his donkey, even the croaking crows, the screeching squirrels, and the creaking bamboos seemed to scold him and mock at him for his pernicious indulgence of a perverse beast. His mind began to struggle with the problem of the animal. But what was he to do? Was he to dispose of it, exchange it for another, or purchase a second donkey? He could not think of separating from the animal for good. So pondering over the situation he pushed on his way with low mumble and seething mortification.

He had to do a small uphill journey, and he became not a little wearied and disgusted by the time he reached the planter's quarters.

But the refreshing atmosphere and the attractive scenery of the sahib's bungalow, together with the satisfaction of having reached his destination, brought him some relief. So he straightened himself, at last, at the sahib's threshold and was about to fling down his burden when his eyes fell upon a neatly-dressed gentle mem-sahib sitting on a cushioned chair in a neatly furnished, small latticed portico mantled in evergreens. A couple of dogs were dozing at her feet. The lady was absorbed in reading a novel—perhaps a then recent thriller—which screened her face from him. As she did not notice his arrival the dhobi announced himself with a short, low neigh—not borrowed from his servant, but common to low-class men and menials. The dogs opened their eyes and raising their heads expressed their disapproval of his intrusion in a low grumble and left him to their mistress.

The lady looked up, and calling off the dogs, rang up her boy. When the servant came, the washerman entered on his business and finished it without much delay. But in the course of his transaction he was often attracted by the sweet voice of the pretty young lady and the exemplary conduct of the dogs that promptly obeyed every word of their kind mistress. The washerman got his charges and rounding his business with a low, long, obsequious salaam to the mem-sahib waddled down the steps of the portico with the burden of soiled clothes on his back.

His mind was occupied with the conduct of the dogs. He wondered how such ferocious animals, as the bulldogs evidently were, could become so meek, intelligent and obedient! Contrast them with his donkey! What a world of difference! Had she been as docile and serviceable as the dogs of the mem-sahib, what a paradise would he have found on earth! Why should the animal that he brought up with so much care prove so ungrateful to him? Was she possessed by the devil? How was he to exorcize her? His wand had failed; what was he to do next? How he wished his own animal had been a tithe as good as the dogs at the mem-sahib's bungalow!

With such desires rankling in his mind the dhobi was approaching the servants' quarters when he heard the sahib's head butler call him to take some of his clothes for the wash. He stepped on the butler's verandah and received the latter's contribution to his bundle. After packing up the clothes he eagerly enquired of the servant:

"Annai, how do these mem-sahibs rear their dogs to make them so obedient?"

"Why," replied the butler, "the sahibs cut off their tails soon after their birth and bring them up as usual."

"And that is all?" interjected the washerman with a pensive look; and pulling the burden of clothes over his back turned his steps homeward.

"The sahibs cut off their tails; and that is all. But see how tame

and obedient they are ! Perhaps the tail is the root of all evil. Else why do they cut off the tail ? The sahibs are very wise people. They know everything. Does not the tail of the donkey, too, behave like a partner in all her mischievous propensities ? How she flaps her tail when she is gay and responsive, and what tortuous figures does she describe with it when she breaks into bad temper and plays pranks ! How often had he noticed the play of this sinister limb when the animal used to leer at him or mock him with her foolish gambols ! ”

Ruminating thus, the washerman was treading the gravel path on the estate when he was roused by the spirited neigh and the tramp of the mare returning home with her master. He hastily moved aside and humbly salaamed to the sahib. When the planter passed him he looked with wonder at the stately courser. And what would arrest his eyes but the curt tail of the roan ! The washerman's eyes glistened and his face lit up with a smile. He wistfully gazed at the animal's flanks until it was entirely out of sight.

“ Yes,” he said to himself. “ See the dogs and the mare ! The very paragons of servants ! The tails of both are cut off.” His spirit was exhilarated by a new ray of light.

His cogitations progressed with his steps, and before he was half-way home he had hit upon the plan of making his favourite servant as good-natured and faithful as the mem-sahib's dogs or the sahib's mare. A strange flash of confidence and delight kindled his eyes. He lifted up his head and enthusiastically footing the rest of the way soon entered the bazaar with a smooth, bright face. Passing through the street he stepped into an empty tailor's shop and borrowed his long stout scissors promising to return them on the morrow.

The washerman reached home by nightfall. Entering his hut with the aid of a small, smoky tin lamp blinking inside the house, like a forlorn vanishing star in the desolate sky besmirched with black patchy clouds, he threw down his big burden and pushed it into a corner. He then took off his mundas and flinging it on the floor with a “ Ha-Woo ” of relief squatted down on it ; and reclining on the inspiring bundle of soiled clothes shut his eyes and gave himself up to deliberation on the ways and means of reforming his servant.

He was confirmed in his conviction that the tail of an animal was the seat of the devil. Had he not learnt how even the wild-looking dogs and the stalwart mare were made tame and faithful by lopping off this excrescence ? Why should he doubt or demur, then ? He would cut off the donkey's tail that night and see the end of his troubles. He would work a thorough change in his notorious donkey before the day broke next. And had he not procured the instrument of reformation also ? It was only a couple of moments' easy job to make a docile dog of a crude, crooked donkey. And the next morning, when the people would see his servant so mild and obedient, what would they not say of his miraculous powers and his wisdom ? How fortunate

and famous a man he would be, and what would the mem-sahib think when his servant carried the clean clothes to the bungalow and behaved correctly towards him and the august mistress ?

The washerman was lost in such reverie as this and his wife, thinking that he might be tired and taking rest, kept her silence until the solitary light in the hut began to flicker. The woman then saw that it was time to rouse him. So while he was secretly exulting over his new lesson and the prospective felicity, he was awakened by his wife's call. He stirred and came out with a strange feeling of liveliness and felt very much inclined to confide his fortune to her. But his intense desire to surprise everyone, including his partner in life, held his tongue. Had she, too, not sometimes spoken derisively of his fondness for the impish beast ?

He ate some rice and curry in an absent-minded way ; and making a bed of clothes sank into it without a word to his wife. But his throbbing hopes and anxiety would not allow sleep to come between him and his secret job. So he waited for the hour when all the world would be deeply sunk in sleep lest the animal should bring out the neighbours by roughly announcing the operation.

At last he got up from his bed, left his wife who lay beside him, and rolled her about a little to make sure that all were fast asleep. She was deep in the arms of slumber and so was insensible to his touch. The washerman, therefore, stepped out of his bed and took out the scissors he had concealed in the bundle of clothes. He then gathered some rags and took some water in a copper pot. Armed with his surgical instrument and the accessories, he picked his way through the thick of the darkness into the cramped shed that served as a stable for the animal. Happily there were no doors in the hut to cry or creak on their hinges, or bolts or chains to clang on their panels !

The man slowly entered the shed, and, with the aid of the starlight, descried his favourite servant standing in the shed idly biting a mouthful of hay. They had not met since the afternoon that day. The animal blew her nose in hearty appreciation and welcome of her kind master, and put out her long neck and face for his warm hand. The master's heart leapt up. He was suddenly caught with a tremor, but he soon composed himself. He softly approached the animal and stroked her kindly with a nervous hand. She enjoyed the caress. Having had an afternoon holiday and a hearty evening meal, she was in a pleasant mood. So when the master stroked her, scrubbed her, and groomed her, and even when he reached her tail and pulled it, the animal fully indulged the master's cossetting.

Encouraged by her sweet disposition the man stepped behind her and, patting her back, haunches and legs, took out the scissors from his waist and clicked them to see if it was not quite applicable. His heart thumped, and the animal was all coquet. Yes, the animal was genial and docile ; and he would finish the operation before she

could know it. He would cut at the root of the evil and confirm her present disposition.

So, fixing the point and line of division of the tail, he opened the scissors, and keeping himself at a cautious distance, projected the yawning instrument at the upper part of the tail. The animal kept quiet, and when tickled by the touch of the cold iron at the most sensitive part of the thighs, she lowered her haunches a little and also raised her tail. The man stooped down to fix the line of demarcation and adjusted the scissors with the aid of the starlight. When he saw that the scissors' joint approached the line at which the tail had to be amputated, he posted himself firmly behind the animal and with stifled breath quickly pressed with all his might the finger-holes of the instrument with both his hands.

When the sharp blades sank into the animal's flesh she yelled forth a desperate prayer, and with a sudden and frantic display of the unsuspected powers of her hind legs, dispatched the washerman's wise head on a long circuit of revolutions in the air.



SCANDAL

Wood engraving by RUTH HEDGER

THE STRUCTURE OF "EYELESS IN GAZA"

By PHYLLIS BENTLEY

I CHANCED to come to my first reading of *Eyeless in Gaza* in circumstances of confusion, when I was driving long distances each day and lodging in widely different places each night. My own journeyings in the space-time continuum diminished my appreciation of Mr. Huxley's, and at the close of the book I found myself thoroughly muddled over the history of Anthony Beavis. I therefore determined, in order to get myself straight, to make a detailed analysis of the story's mechanics; and I found the results sufficiently interesting to record.

I need not describe the technique practised by Mr. Huxley, for readers of this journal, but merely remind them that Anthony regards his memories of his life as a pack of snapshots in the hands of a lunatic. "Somewhere in the mind a lunatic shuffled a pack of snapshots and dealt them at random, shuffled once more and dealt them out in different order, again and again, indefinitely. There was no chronology. . . ." In accordance with this scheme, each chapter of the novel is a dated snapshot, and the snapshots have been well shuffled.

My method, childish, doubtless, but effective, of bringing order into this chaos, was as follows. I decided to do a little re-shuffling of my own. To make this possible, I took fifty-four stout plain cards, one for each chapter of the novel, and having inscribed the date of the chapter in the left-hand top corner, and the number in the right-hand top corner, I wrote a brief summary of the chapter's contents below. Like this:

1902 November 6

4

Funeral of Anthony Beavis's mother. His father John, his uncle James. Journey to the service. Mary Amberley, recently married, is present.

Then I shuffled my fifty-four cards, or, more correctly, sorted them, under their dates, so that they formed a chronological sequence. The two cards marked 1902 November 6, for example, came together; and so the incidents occurring on that date were no longer separated by fourteen pages, but fell into order as they had occurred.

Various facts immediately appeared, which neither my reading of the novel itself, nor a study of the chief reviews had made clear to me before.

(1) Four periods in the life of Anthony Beavis were presented.



SELF PORTRAIT

By CHRISTIAN BERARD

(designer of the décor for Massine's new ballet, Symphonie Fantastique)

Reproduced by permission of the Leicester Galleries

This I had both read in reviews and vaguely perceived for myself, but without any certainty of what the periods consisted. They now became definite as :

- A. 1902-1904
- B. 1912-1914
- C. 1926-1933 August 30
- D. 1933 August 31-1935.

(2) The story which emerged from a reading of the cards was not only highly consecutive, but even closely knit ; had it been presented in a chronological sequence, it could have been described as having a strong plot, with firm links of an old-fashioned kind. Let me sketch it. Part A : Anthony Beavis as a child of ten loses his mother ; at the funeral he meets Mary Amberley, nine years his senior ; he returns to his prep. school, where we meet Brian Foxe, Mark Staithes, Hugh Ledwidge. Anthony's father presently marries again, and Anthony feels free of family ties. His friend Brian Foxe has also lost one parent, but in his case it is his mother who remains ; she dotes on him, and psychological complications ensue when he falls in love with Joan Thursley. Part B : Brian and Anthony remain friends at Oxford, where we also see Staithes again, and meet Gerry Watchett ; through Mrs. Foxe Anthony meets Mary Amberley again, and she becomes his mistress. The marriage of Brian and Joan is (indirectly and subtly) delayed by Mrs. Foxe ; Joan, starved of love, falls easily into Anthony's arms when he, basely taunted to it by Mary, makes love to her. Anthony deepens the betrayal by concealing it from Brian, who, when he learns the truth from Joan, kills himself ; Anthony skilfully contrives that the suicide shall appear an accident. Part C : Anthony, who quarrelled with Mary Amberley over the Joan affair, twelve years later accepts an invitation to her house. Her daughters Helen and Joyce are present ; Gerry Watchett makes love to both Mary and Helen ; Hugh Ledwidge loves Helen with an unreal love. Mary's money and Helen's chastity are both lost to Watchett ; Helen in despair turns to Ledwidge, who is horrified that his imaginings should take on reality thus, but marries her. The marriage is a tragic farce ; Helen turns to Anthony. She loves him, but Anthony (as always) rejects love, requiring only freedom and pleasure ; an incident disgusts Helen, and she leaves him. Part D : The regeneration of Anthony by Dr. Miller, whom he meets while on a revolutionary expedition in Mexico with Staithes.

I am not concerned here, as will be seen, with the theme of the novel, but only with its structural aspect, its method. I think it will be agreed that the plot, as sketched above, is closely knit, containing—and this is my present point—no irrelevancies, no superfluous characters.

(3) The " snapshots " are not confined to Anthony's memories ;

incidents and thoughts from the lives of Helen, Brian, John Beavis, Mrs. Foxe, Joan, are included.

At this point I did some further shuffling. Having marked my cards with the A B C or D appropriate to their sequence, I sorted them by their chapter numbers. Each chapter, represented by a card, now stood in the place assigned to it by Huxley. By an examination of the order of the letters on the cards I easily gained these further facts :

(4) There is no definite order in which incidents belonging to the four sequences succeed each other.

(5) Even within each sequence the incidents are jumbled. Helen's flight from Anthony precedes their first adult meeting.

Now these results, which appear at first sight purely mechanical and even risible, led me to some considerations on Mr. Huxley's "shuffling lunatic" thesis which I thought pertinent.

Since incidents are included which cannot be in Anthony's memory because they cannot be in his knowledge, the novel is not purely a portrait of Anthony's mind, what Anthony is at a given moment. But no attempt is made to give a complete portrait of the mind of Brian, Joan, Helen, etc., as well as of Anthony ; hence that is not Mr. Huxley's purpose. Why, then, are these non-Anthony incidents included and not others ? On what principle are the incidents selected ? The answer is very clear ; they are included because they are essential to the story. They are not in the least the result of a lunatic shuffling snapshots, but of a perfectly familiar and orthodox artistic principle of selection ; *i.e.*, only those incidents are included which later events make significant. Our memories surely work on this precise principle, as Mr. Huxley at the close of the "shuffling lunatic" passage seems to admit ; each of our actions surely lies dormant in our minds, flying into the conscious memory when summoned by some further event which gives it meaning. The present gives significance to the past, as the past to the present. Since, then, linked significance of event is admitted as the principle of selection in this novel—and that it is so the coherence of the story proves—why apparently destroy the links by jumbling the events ? Why not tell the story straight ?

The disadvantages of the jumbling method are obvious ; a card index should not be necessary for the understanding of a work of art. Also, it does not permit the slow development of a personality. A personality is affected by the time which has passed since an incident, as well as by the incident itself.

What is to be said on the other side ? Can enough be said to justify the employment of a device so difficult ? That the jumbling illustrates one facet of the behaviour of the memory—its disregard of chronology in its degree of perception—is plain. We have known this facet of behaviour, and seen it illustrated in English fiction, long enough—how many heroes have not temporarily forgotten their errand on the battlefield while the heroine's parting tears are agonizingly present to

them?—but never so forcibly, so logically, on such a grand scale, as in this novel. Again, the jumbling displays remarkably the complexity of the mind's simultaneous perceptions. That four (and more) layers of his story should fill a person's mind at once is very true and very important; we have learned this truth of recent years, and seen it sketched in some contemporary fictions, but never so forcibly, so logically, on such a grand scale, as in this novel. An effect of extraordinary richness and solidity is obtained for the mind that is Anthony, since it is shown to hold so much at once; the device is immensely worth remembering by novelists.

Is there another justification for this device of jumbling? Is it perhaps not only the jumbling which matters, but the resultant sequence? Is there something gained by the actual juxtaposition of this and that incident, so far removed in time? Is there, I mean, some deeply interesting reason why, for instance, chapter eighteen (which forms part of series C and describes the party at Mary Amberley's house in 1926) should be followed by chapter nineteen (series B, describing Brian's visit to Berlin and its consequences in 1912) then by chapter twenty (series C, continuation of Mary's party in 1926) and chapter twenty-one (series D, 1933)? It seems to me that there is. A subtle associationism is at work—or perhaps at play. The four chapters I have cited, for instance, are most closely and delicately interwoven by subtle associations of character, theme and place. Germany in various times and aspects, the first meeting of Anthony and Helen, the parting of Anthony and Helen, the beginning of the Ledwidge-Helen story, the end of the Ledwidge-Helen story, the unbridled licence of Gerry and Mary, the too bridled respect of Brian and Joan—all these similarities and contrasts weave the different years of the four chapters together in an intricate design, the present adding significance to the past and the past to the present, as one line makes a pattern when matched with another at a distance. We have learned the technique of associationism of late, and have seen the phenomenon considerably illustrated in some contemporary fictions, but never on such a grand scale as in this novel.

The conclusions my card index led me to, therefore, were these. *Eyeless in Gaza* would certainly lose in significance and in richness if its structure were disturbed and the incidents re-sorted into their chronological sequence; far from being a "lunatic" jumbling, this structure is a highly significant design. If Mr. Huxley should turn round upon me (as he well might) and state that he did in fact not place his incidents deliberately in their present sequence, but shuffled them lunatically, just as he describes, my conclusions would not be invalidated; I should simply exclaim upon the magnificent truth of his incidents, which reveal even in a casual juxtaposition that profound associationism, that unconscious but artful selectivity, which governs our memories and our lives.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE VERCELLI BOOK

To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY AND BOOKMAN.

SIR,—It is strange that your estimable magazine should give space to two articles on the origin of one of the four corpora of Old English poetry, the *Vercelli Book* (LONDON MERCURY 31:93.166 for 1934-35), a matter over which Anglo-Saxon scholars have been jousting for years. The theory of Count Guala Bicchieri's connection with the *Vercelli Book* is by no means a recent one; it was first suggested in an unsigned review of Knight's *The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy* in the *Quarterly Review* for 1845. Nor is it the only theory. In 1851 Constanzo Gazzera opined that the collection had been brought to Italy by Johns Scotus Erigena (*Memorie della reale accademia della scienze di Torino*); in 1865 John Earle expressed a belief that the manuscript had been the property of Cyneweard, whom Earle assumed to have been the son of Cynewulf, the poet who attached his acrostic signature to several of the poems in the *Vercelli Book*; Richard Wülker held that the book had probably found its way to Vercelli because there was a hospice at that place for Anglo-Saxon pilgrims. Scholars have quite generally abandoned these theories in favour of that which connects the manuscript with Count Bicchieri, who was sent to England on an official mission in 1215. Full details concerning this noble can be found in the Cook article mentioned by Sibyl Anthony (LONDON MERCURY 31:133) and in George Philip Krapp's edition of *Andreas*.

Yours, etc.,

The University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill.

ESTON EVERETT ERICSON.

THE BAN ON FRENCH BALLET IN GLASGOW

SIR,—The refusal of the British Ministry of Labour to grant permission to René Blum's Ballets de Monte Carlo to appear in Glasgow is disturbing. In these days when we are anxiously looking for the establishment of constructive peace and international justice such chauvinistic attitude towards art is harmful both from the moral and æsthetic point of view. Unlike some foreign ballet companies, René Blum's organization is bent upon attaining an artistic success rather than a purely commercial one. He has brought back Fokine, whose creations London was privileged to see again in their original form. At last, after a long interval since Diaghileff's death, we saw his immortal *Les Sylphides* in the genuine atmosphere of romantic reverie unbroken by the dancers' bowing in response to applause during the performance—an offence to the æsthetic sense never permitted by Diaghileff or Fokine; for this ballet is not a *divertissement* like Aurora's Wedding.

René Blum's enterprise, with its expert *maîtres de ballet* and mature artists of the old Imperial School, ought to be welcomed as a demonstration of pure classicism of educational value not only to the public but also to the young dancers of the Vic-Wells and Colonel de Basil's companies. I hope the rumour is true that the British authorities have withdrawn their rash decision, having taken into account the interests of hundreds of English artists employed in France.

Yours, etc., VLADIMIR KAMENEFF.

THE THEATRE

THE MALVERN FESTIVAL.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE. By BARRÉ LYNDON. Haymarket.

SIR BARRY JACKSON, reputed to take a somewhat austere view of the theatre public's needs, has had a curious success at Malvern. He has begotten the most sociable of dramatic festivals. For eight successive years thousands of English playgoers have been coaxed to make the theatre in a quiet country town the pivot of their holiday. Newcomers are agreeably surprised twice over—first, by the ease with which they become absorbed into a simple, satisfying routine and later, not perhaps till the train carries them home, by the realization that for a whole week they have talked little else but theatre, for all the world as though it were a subject that really mattered. It is a routine which seems to have balanced itself by accident. The severities of morning lectures by the professors of drama are mitigated by coffee and gossip on the terrace in the public gardens. The play at night is led up to by informal garden parties and rounded off with dancing in the theatre club where the earnest and the frivolous, the garrulous and the contemplative, indeed every kind of visitor except the one who prefers a glass of whisky or iced lager to coffee at that time of night, can be, as Bardolph would put it, accommodated. And the talk about the theatre—that, too, seems in retrospect to have come about, most luckily, by accident. In fact, however, it has owed a good deal to arrangement. The garden parties and dances of Malvern are designed to make members of the festival company personally known to their audiences and foreign visitors (who are mostly men and women of the theatre) known to the English. The shy general playgoer, thus brought into friendly contact with those who practise or write about his favourite art, is a good listener and what pleases him to hear pleases the actor, the producer and the professor to tell.

One dwells on the amenities of Malvern because the spectacle of a crowd of holiday-makers taking the theatre as though it were golf is still rare in this country. The Festival is more successful than ever before. Its increased popularity has been explained by the change which has come over the general character of the plays presented. They no longer represent the Growth of Drama From the Earliest Times to G.B.S.; rather the year's work of the Birmingham Repertory Company. But if there is more entertainment and less instruction than of old it cannot be said that three Shavian plays, an adaptation of *Jane Eyre*, an eighteenth-century comedy, a Chinese traditional play and a particularly gloomy survival of the Brontë boom constitute a base concession to popular taste. Nothing in this programme is new except the actors' reading of their parts, and the hero of the Festival, if we may elevate Mr. Shaw himself to the rank of super-hero, is Mr. Stephen Murray, an actor who came of age only a year or two ago. His work is remarkably mature. His gift of playing different characters in wholly different ways must make him invaluable to a repertory company. In theory all actors do this: in practice it is a very rare accomplishment. Mr. Murray makes the Prime Minister in *On the Rocks* a considerably older man than Mr. Nicholas Hannen represented him to be in the London production, sustaining this huge part with dry humour rather than

charm and persuading us of Sir Arthur Chavender's newly acquired power of thinking after he had taken his dose of Marx. Mr. Murray's Dunois and his heroic gardener in *Lady Precious Stream* are quite different persons, each as far removed from the verbose P.M. as the P.M. was from the brilliantly ingenious Mosca of *Volpone* in which part Mr. Murray last year revealed his promise. If the festival has a heroine she must be Miss Wendy Hiller who, playing St. Joan and the cockney flower-seller of *Pygmalion* as the third and fourth parts of her brief but glorious professional career, shows herself to be a good-natural actress with a rudimentary technique. But there is also good acting by Miss Curigwen Lewis and Mr. Reginald Tate, especially in the first act of Miss Helen Jerome's adaptation of *Jane Eyre* where these two succeed in discovering a plausible stage convention for dialogue which it is easier to read to oneself than to hear spoken aloud. The adaptation makes an actable romance of *Jane Eyre*, which is perhaps all that the stage will ever make of it, and the romance inevitably declines into dullness once Jane has left the exciting company of Rochester for the placid Rivers family. Mr. Ernest Thesiger contributes to the festival his Dauphin, richer than ever in its mingled pathos and humour, a tactful but lively sketch of the old fop of *The Clandestine Marriage* and is plainly miscast as the overbearing professor of *Pygmalion*. But the general level of acting is high for a festival company.

Mr. Frank Richardson has another good part at the Haymarket. He is the eponymous hero of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, a theory-ridden psychologist who, wishing to observe the nervous reactions of criminals at work, organizes a gang of professional burglars and brings off a series of sensational robberies in the interests of medical science. Mr. Richardson glosses this ingeniously worked-out nonsense with his own quizzical humour, a nicely observed consulting-room manner and an air of sweet reasonableness. There are excellent semi-humorous, semi-realistic sketches of old lags by Mr. Charles Farrell and Mr. Hugh E. Wright, and the play, before we have tired of the "scientific experiment," turns neatly round on a point of blackmail, faces the doctor with murder as the ultimate logical consequence of his theory and brings down the curtain on the promise of a long run.

A. V. COOKMAN

ART—THE ACROPOLIS MARBLES FOR 30s.

AUGUST is a month of comparative relaxation in the exhibition galleries. So perhaps I need not apologize for drawing attention in this article to an event of a different order: the publication by the Cresset Press of *Archaic Marble Sculpture from the Acropolis*, a photographic catalogue by the late Humfry Payne and Gerard Mackworth Young. There are about 470 reproductions from photographs taken by Young especially for the purpose under Payne's direction. Hitherto but a minority of the Acropolis sculptures have been reproduced at all. Now in a single volume almost every worthy piece is to be studied, the greatest of them from a lavish variety of angles. There are no less than seventeen views of the *Kore* dedicated by Euthydikos; no less than seven of *The Blond Head*. The physical labour of the photography alone must have been heroic, and plainly enters not at all into the price of a large and very dignified book, a price which one cannot but suspect in any case of being made possible only by the generosity of Young, coupled with Payne's determination to bring the Acropolis sculptures before the largest possible world. The photographs are taken with an admirable scrupulousness and reproduced in no less admirable plates.

Between the earliest and the latest of these Acropolis sculptures there are not more than about ninety years, from 570 to 480 B.C. Though the epithet becomes less appropriate as the fifth century is approached, all are technically to be described as Archaic. They are therefore of particular interest to-day; for during the half-century which has passed since they were unearthed, there has been growing up a new sympathy with the archaic forms in all kinds of art. This is partly an instinctive reaction from the over-ripe forms of art which we have been brought up to admire, an aspect of a new taste for simplicity. But it is also part of a deeper and more conscious revival of sympathy in all the arts with the medium itself, a sympathy which practically disappeared during the Victorian era. The Archaic period of an art is that in which the medium dominates to some extent the artist's ideas, before he has learned to transcend it entirely and to make us forget that any technical problem existed to be solved. In every art there is development through the "archaic" towards this point, when the climax, the "classical" moment is reached; and then, with the carelessness that results from this very power, decadence comes slouching in. That there were ever problems of form is gradually forgotten; until civilization one day re-awakes to find itself grasping only an image empty of life.

Whether we study the archaic sculpture of Egypt or Cambodia or Italy or Africa, similar technical idioms frequently occur to remind us of the similarity of the formal problems which all sculptors must face. But it is the Greeks who realized these problems most clearly, and so stated them most frankly and solved them most finally. The development of these ninety years on the Acropolis shows an extraordinary concentration of purpose. The progress is far from slow, for it is from a point where the fact of the monolith still dominates the form to that where the flesh of Euthydikos' *Kore* seems to be restrained from oppressing

us with its vitality less by the fact of the marble than by the relaxation of tension in the covering clothes. In the intervening period influences that are more than decorative have come from Ionia. But the assimilation is complete, the growth of idea continuous, and at the end what is best of the "Early Attic" is still to be found in the "Ripe Archaic" or the "Early Classical." This is because, throughout, the fact of the marble has been always present to the sculptor. These sculptures are all essentially carvings. If the first business of every sculptor has been to create life out of dead matter, he has never forgotten the opportunity which the dead matter offers for design. The rough shape of the marble before it is cut and the very act of cutting it suggest the existence of planes; and at first the contrast of one plane with another, of round with flat and of smooth with decorated surfaces is the dominant method of design. From the contrast of chiselled patterns made out of a few simple formulæ for hair or drapery-folds the sculptors of the middle of this period obtained a brilliance of surface which must have been more brilliant still when enhanced by the painted patterns upon the dresses, by the colouring of the eyes and eyebrows and by the strong light of the open sky. But this part-Ionian and so slightly Oriental decorative quality was always rationalized by that metrical clarity which is the distinguishing feature of Attic art. A sensation akin to the sound of music is created by the mere variations in width of the long hanging folds of the *Kore's* linen robes. In such motifs as these there is almost pure abstraction.

Yet in a moment of controversy between the extremes of "abstract" and "realistic" there is much to be learnt from the study of the Attic evolution about the value of observing nature. In the "Ripe Archaic" sculptures planes merge together into roundness, contours grow more suggestive of pressure or tension without any diminution in the essentially sculptural quality. In fact, the obvious abstractions have to disappear, as the rhythm becomes both more complex and more unified, in the interests of complete plasticity. This is attained at the beginning of the classical period without any loss of intensity because the qualities of form which are selected for emphasis are still those which can be actually heightened by the qualities of the marble itself. The Greek marble can hardly be said to have made the Greek sculptor, for even when the Greek mason had to cut a cornice from porous limestone, it has a keener edge than any that has been cut since. This supreme precision of technique is only proof of the keen intelligence which recognized and developed to the full the potentialities of the finest medium that sculptors have ever had.

The plates form the bulk of the book, which was conceived essentially as a supplement to Dickens' catalogue *raisonnée* of 1912. This, however, Payne has supplemented and corrected here in several introductory chapters. The labour of the photography can have been slight compared with the compilation of this running commentary upon the plates. It must be unique for its pains to help the reader by the appropriate illustration of every point. It is strictly technical. For Payne was not the man to provide his reader on such an occasion with any substitute for the examination of the sculptures themselves. He includes in words of characteristic restraint not only new and convincing arguments upon the old controversies, but a number of brilliant identifications of his own. Though it appears within a few weeks of his tragic and untimely death, this is fortunately not the only posthumous memorial. His book on his own excavations in the Gulf of Corinth is to come.

PHILIP HENDY

FILMS

WHOM THE GODS LOVE. British.

FORGET ME NOT. British.

LABURNUM GROVE. British.

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER. British.

UNDER TWO FLAGS. American.

WHAT is to be done with music on the screen ? In silent days it was all so much easier ; music supplied merely a more or less suitable emotional accompaniment. Now the sopranos and the tenors and the crooners are in full voice ; the jazz bands and the orchestras and the theme songs and the dance numbers all come vibrating out of the loud-speakers. One certain lesson of the talkies, I think, is that music cannot be successfully added to any film as a decoration ; it must be echoed in the style and treatment all the way through, implicit even in the rhythm of the story. In *Whom the Gods Love*, a romanticized biography of Mozart written by Margaret Kennedy and directed by Basil Dean, with Stephen Haggard in the lead, there is a good deal of music expensively introduced with the aid of Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra and the supervision of Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner of the Mozart Institute at Salzburg. There are scenes taken in Salzburg and Vienna, extracts from *Figaro* and *The Magic Flute* rendered by gifted singers wearing some of the original costumes ; it is all elegant, decorative, full of careful detail. What is missing is the music that was in Mozart's life.

The story, mainly concerned with Mozart's domestic affairs, includes various mythical episodes, notably an attempted seduction of his wife Constanze by Prince Lobkowitz. It moves raggedly from one invention to the next ; there is no continuous dramatic development of a single leading theme. Yet in Mozart's life there was such a theme ; it may be heard in the letter he wrote to an unknown correspondent three months before his death. " I have finished before I have had the enjoyment of my talent. Yet life is so beautiful, my career opened so auspiciously—but fate is not to be changed." When Mozart toured Europe as a wonder-child the path to fame seemed short, but at thirty-five he died and was buried in a pauper's grave. The strength drained out of his life by poverty and neglect went into his music. Mr. Dean has given us some of the music, but only as an accompaniment to his screen story, not as its inevitable result.

The music in *Forget Me Not* comes from the magnificent singing of Beniamino Gigli, the famous tenor, and the question of how the music is related to the story hardly arises, for there is no story that matters. Gigli plays the part of a tenor who falls in love in New York with an English girl who has already fallen half in love with a young officer on the liner coming over. She marries Gigli ; eventually the officer reappears and tries to tempt her away. The dialogue in the more dramatic passages is often as trite as the situations are unconvincing. Gigli, however, is worth hearing, even though the music he sings is mainly second-rate. And he is worth watching, for he acts with a quiet, gentle naturalness worthy of a far better picture. The other acting honours are taken by

Master Richard Gofe, aged about seven, who figures in the story as the tenor's motherless son. Master Gofe is the first real small boy I can remember on the screen ; he enjoys himself without precocity, and when he and Gigli are together the film comes suddenly and briefly to life.

In neither of these musical productions is the story musical, as it was, to a limited extent, in *One Night of Love*. The prodigious success of that picture was not due entirely to Miss Grace Moore ; another reason was that the story had a kind of sparkling quality, a gaiety of movement which at times flowered quite naturally into her singing and was not merely interrupted by it. And a rather similar rule, I believe, applies to the vexed question of how, and how much, talkies ought to talk. The rule is that spoken dialogue must emerge as the complement of visual dialogue—the speech of visual images. We ought to hear what visual images have begun to say, to see what words have left unsaid, so that neither form of utterance is complete without the other. The trouble with *Laburnum Grove*, a version of J. B. Priestley's play, is that the dialogue says nearly all that need be said ; the eye is offered nothing but background photographs of a suburban villa. There are amusing passages, due mostly to the performance, fruity as a rich plum cake, of Mr. Edmund Gwenn as the respectable merchant turned forger of banknotes, but the weakness of the working out of the stage plot is exposed all the more relentlessly in the colder medium of the screen.

Everything is Thunder, adapted from Captain J. L. Hardy's novel about a war-time escape from a German prison camp, is in a rather too familiar vein of sentimental melodrama—the escaping officer is befriended by a golden-hearted prostitute in Berlin—but here the cinema comes much nearer to doing its proper work than in any other of the films on my list this month. The acting—Constance Bennett as the prostitute, Douglass Montgomery as the officer, and Oscar Homolka (Kruger in *Rhodes of Africa*) as a detective—is unusually good, but the film owes most of its dramatic vividness to Milton Rosmer's swift and sensitive direction. The story does not speak only in words but equally in the abrupt visual transitions, the terse glimpses of faces and groupings and gestures, of doors opening and shutting and rain falling and a lantern carried up a rickety stair. And so the words are not self-contained ; they are a commentary on visual scenes which lead up to and intensify their own meaning.

Finally, *Under Two Flags*, which demands not to be analysed but only to be enjoyed, though not—as the producers apparently intend—to be taken seriously. Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert are featured in this new version of Ouida's superb romance of the Foreign Legion, the archetype of all the Foreign Legion films ever made. No one for a moment steps out of his part ; lips are tight and gallantry is gallant from first to last. Most of the film was made in the Arizona desert ; each of the huts built by ninety carpenters for the accommodation of the players had five electric light outlets, and £5,000 was spent on insuring the principals against camel bites. Ouida, so lavish always, would surely have appreciated that.

CHARLES DAVY

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

SOCIOLOGY, ETHICS, AND TYPOGRAPHY—

FOR, in spite of its modest title,* Mr. Gill's book ("printed and made . . . by Hague and Gill at High Wycombe") discusses all these three, with Typography third only in order of importance :

The theme of this book is Typography and Typography as it is affected by the conditions of the year 1931 [the date of the first edition]. The conflict between industrialism and the ancient methods of handicraftsmen which resulted in the muddle of the 19th century is now coming to its term. But tho' industrialism has now won an almost complete victory they cannot be quite killed because they meet an inherent, indestructible, permanent need in human nature.

So Mr. Gill pleads for printing on a hand-press with hand-set type as one of the ways of supplying that human need for craftsmanship. But the true and primary purpose of printing is to print books—not to meet "an inherent, indestructible need . . . in human nature." Mr. Gill does much less than justice to a great army of clever compositors, operators on the monotype or linotype, and skilled machine-minders in denying them the same title to craftsmanship as their opposite numbers at the hand-press.

In these pages, however, I must note the typography of Mr. Gill's essay rather than its ethic. The type is of Mr. Gill's own design. In face it is both strong and delicate. The proof of a type is in the reading ; and this emerges triumphantly from that test. Mr. Gill insists that the printer by hand should make his own ink. That used for his book is of an admirably even black, slightly brownish, and free, as it should be, from any adulterant blue. As for the press-work, I should describe it as of an almost mechanical evenness were it not that Mr. Gill would take it as damned by such praise. In the setting of the pages he pleads rightly that the spacing should be close. But he has his own way of avoiding the wide spacing which disfigures nearly all modern printing. He insists that the lines need not be of equal length, and that when the words fall short of the full measure, the line should be left short. Throughout the book, therefore, the lines are set "ragged" at the end, except on two of the pages, on which by way of illustration they have been justified to the full measure. The restfulness of these shows how, after all, the early printers were right and that careful justification need not involve over-wide spacing.

"*But Why Lettering?*" Mr. Gill himself asks the question and discusses it in a witty chapter added to this second edition of his Essay. He concludes :

Spelling, and philology, and all such pedantries have no place in our world. The only way to reform modern lettering is to abolish it.

So this prophet of a new Bolshevism argues that a form of shorthand should be made compulsory in the schools, and suggests that "some enterprising type-founder should commission me to design a fount of phonographic symbols." A new symbolism would then replace the old alphabet and the old spelling, and make an end of the "thousand different sorts of fancy lettering" and the "many too many different sorts of types for reading in books" which afflict the printing of our day.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

* *An Essay on Typography*. By Eric Gill. Second edition. Sheed & Ward. 5s. net.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

GENERAL NOTES

THE Friends of the National Libraries is a society which should make an especially strong appeal to readers of these notes, since it performs for our libraries services similar to those performed for the art galleries by the National Art-Collections Fund. The Society's latest report shows that there has been some recovery in the subscriptions and donations it has received during the year 1935-6, which amounted to some £1,100, but that there was a drop of thirty in membership, which now stands at 639. The organization is still a young one, and such things always take several years to get properly under way, but of the vast number of people who use the great national libraries—that phrase being interpreted in a broad sense—there should surely be many more than six hundred who are willing to contribute at least the minimum subscription of a guinea a year. And here I may, perhaps, be allowed to mention, in the most tactful manner in the world, that the address of the society is c/o The British Museum, London, W.C.1. Until an income much larger than its present one is subscribed by the public, it is clearly impossible for the F.N.L. to secure more than a very small proportion of the books and manuscripts it would like to help the nation to acquire. Nevertheless, as this report shows, some good things were bought during the past year. They include the first edition of Erasmus's *Moriae Encomium* [circa 1511], and the earliest printed account of Abyssinia (occurring in a Portuguese work of about 1521), both of which were presented to the British Museum. Two original drawings for St. Paul's by Wren were bought for the Cathedral Library; and a group of manuscripts relating to Robert Burns was added to the National Library of Scotland. A special fund of £2,500 is being raised, in conjunction with other organizations, for the purchase of a remarkable and important collection of the manuscripts, letters and archives of T. H. Huxley, but the necessary amount is not yet in sight.

THE sale of the Isaac Newton papers at Sotheby's was mentioned last month in these notes. It is a pleasure to be able to record that Mr. Gabriel Wells, who bought the big series of manuscripts relating to Newton's connection with the Royal Mint, has sold them, without profit, to Lord Wakefield, for presentation to the Mint. It is a transaction which reflects the generosity of both parties.

ONE of those rare pieces of finder's luck, which one is sometimes tempted to think cannot happen nowadays, and yet do happen, occurred last month. Some wanderer in South London bought, it is said for a trifling sum, a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's *Poems*. He took it to Hodgson's, in Chancery Lane, where, incidentally, I had the pleasure one day of examining it. It was a good copy, with the peculiarity that one leaf was reversed—whether by a typographical freak or because it had come loose at some time and been wrongly re-inserted, it was not possible, from a mere cursory examination, to say. On July 22nd it was put up for sale and fetched £470, an excellent return—to someone—for an afternoon's walk in the suburbs.

THE second part of Volume 33 of *Book-Auction Records* is published by Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles. Besides records of books sold in London and Edinburgh during the first three months of this year, there are seventeen pages devoted to prices realized at the S. S. Terry sale held in New York last December. This library contained many important English books in fiction, drama and poetry, of many periods. The eighteenth-century books were very fine, and a first edition of Gray's *Elegy*, 1751, fetched the equivalent of £960. In other centuries three volumes of Keats in original boards, *Poems*, 1817, *Endymion*, 1818, and *Lamia*, 1820, together went for £1,620, and *Paradise Lost*, with the rare first title-page, 1667, cost its buyer £3,500.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

THE principal section in Catalogue 524, issued by Messrs. Quaritch, 11 Grafton Street, London, W.1, is devoted to books, newsbooks and pamphlets, printed before 1700, relating to Charles I, the Civil War and the Commonwealth. This part of the catalogue contains 269 numbers, of which one hundred are concerned with Irish affairs during the period. The great majority of the books described are quite inexpensive. A dearer item, however, is a letter from Oliver Cromwell to a friend, dated September 1st, 1652, which is priced £100. Among the newsbooks there is a complete set of *Mercurius Aulicus*, 52 numbers, for 1643, which costs £35. A volume containing sixty-eight numbers of *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, dated between September, 1647, and January, 1649, is offered for £40. To a writer in the *MERCURY* of to-day there is a considerable charm in anything connected with these, its earlier namesakes.

AN original catalogue is Messrs. Maggs Brothers' *A Gallery of Rogues : Outlaws of Society in Fact and Fiction*, to which Mr. Philip Gosse contributes a foreword. The subheadings, in a world which, as Mr. Peacham says, "Hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine," are themselves enough to excite the imagination. Among them are Highwaymen, Murderers, Mutineers, Pirates, Forgers, Smugglers and Witches. A small section of "Rogues in Fiction" does not seem to me to play quite fair. After all, if the first edition of *A Christmas Carol* is admissible (because of Scrooge), it might be possible to collect almost any novel as an example of roguery in fiction, because it contained some dishonest or disagreeable character. Therefore, to my mind, the "Rogues in Fact" (and there are many more of them) form the most attractive part of this list. Claude Duval, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, William Corder, Eugene Aram—what a collection of romantic rogues is here, not the least curious part of whose roguery is that they have, for the most part, no conceivable claim to the romance that has attached itself to their names.

MESSRS. COLBECK RADFORD and Co., of 22, Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3, continue to issue their series of catalogues of autograph letters and manuscripts under the title of *The Ingatherer*, of which number 53 reaches me. As usual this list offers the collector many opportunities of acquiring interesting autographs at very low prices, as also a few more expensive items, among the latter being an autograph manuscript of Sir Isaac Newton, *Ex Sibyllinorum Oraculis*, for which £25 is asked. Of the cheaper things I notice two letters from Mrs. Piozzi, priced £4 4s. and £5 10s., and some humorous verses by Tom Hood.

I. A. WILLIAMS

NEW LITERATURE

GALLANT COMPANIONS

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

NEWS FROM TARTARY: A JOURNEY FROM PEKING TO KASHMIR. By PETER FLEMING. Cape. 12s. 6d.

TO read an admirable travel-book like this is next best to travelling in unknown countries oneself. Unhappily, this little earth now affords few regions unknown or unexplored. Railways, motors and aeroplanes have deprived us of the unequalled joy that came with discovery. Within a century the hope of penetrating into uninhabited or barbaric lands has faded, and the born explorer can no longer find satisfaction for his natural powers. Certainly Mr. Peter Fleming is a born explorer, and he has been lucky enough to detect large districts, not actually uninhabited or unvisited, but still very little known. I envied his good fortune in his adventure in Brazil, but this journey through the wildernesses of sand and mountains that may roughly be called Tartary is even more enviable. It was more difficult, perhaps more dangerous (though the author makes light of the danger), and more important both for geography and international politics. The result is a book of fascinating experiences, written without pretension or heroics, and illustrated with a superb series of photographs, some of which, as opposite pages 74, 340 and 368, convey with unusual skill the true splendour of the highest and least familiar mountains. The pictures of the Tungan, Kirghiz and Turki people are also fine.

As readers of *The Times* know from his published series of letters, Mr. Fleming undertook his great journey behind the great chain of Himalayas, as special correspondent for the paper, and probably his chief instructions were to find out what was happening in the large district known as Sinkiang, which is nominally still part of the Chinese Empire, but is being rapidly penetrated by Russian trade and Soviet arms to the exclusion of the trade from India, and the reduction of British as well as of Chinese influence. To this subject he devotes three or four chapters full of political observation, but he does not clearly determine Russia's object in developing her power here. The situation reminds one of the apprehensions about Russian advance towards India which were the guiding principle and the bugbear of our politics during much of last century. Probably the Soviets regard any extension into Central Asia as worthwhile for commerce and for the ultimate struggle for China against the Japanese. The province appears to be in a perpetual state of civil disturbance, and the approach to the capital at Urumchi is barred either by Russians or by native tribes. But at Kashgar, where we have a Consul-General, the travellers (there were two of them) received a glorious welcome:

It was a heavenly experience. The most ordinary appurtenances of civilized life took on a curious and charming novelty. It seemed, for instance, delightfully funny to be sitting down to dinner at a table, and the servants who handed round the dishes had something of the glamour of djinns. As for sleeping in a bed, that too was an amusing and eccentric procedure.

All who have been long months out at wars or in wildernesses know that feeling of charming novelty on return. But they also know the depression and irritation that come with the stricture and absurdities of genteel society, when they find themselves once more caught in its toils. The gallant companions arrived in civilization after thirty weeks of a journey through deserts of sand or stones, over passes higher than Mont Blanc, pierced with icy winds or scorched with pitiless sun, dressed in shorts and any old scrap of clothing, ragged and patched. Occasionally they got a hare or a goose or a sheep (the present of a chief), but their staple food was "Tsamba," a finely ground barley-meal mixed with butter or fat in tea and kneaded into a paste. Mr. Fleming says that if he had been a poet he would have written an ode to it, for it was sustaining, digestible and cheap. But on arriving in Gilgit at last, an English lady, who had been up to Leh (with twenty-four ponies to carry the necessities of life) thus described it at a polite dinner :

"In Ladakh the people all live on stuff called tsamba. It's made of barley-meal, and you really ought to see them eat it. They mix it up in tea with the most *awful* rancid butter—with their fingers of course—and then they simply wolf it down. It really makes you almost sick to watch them."

No wonder the author tells us he avoided "Kini's" eye. But it was worse when they came down to Srinagar in Cashmire :

In the hotel everyone was in evening dress. Anglo-India, starched and glossy, stared at us with horror and disgust. A stage clergyman with an Oxford voice started as though he had seen the devil. A hush, through which on all sides could be heard the fell epithet 'jungly,' descended on the assembled guests. We were back in civilization.

The pair were travellers of the highest kind. They had use for everything they took with them. "We were not very far above the animals. Our days, like theirs, were ruled by the elemental things—the sun, the wind, the frost. Like them, we lay on the earth to sleep. Like them, we were interested above all else in food." Like all wanderers in a wilderness, they occupied their minds much in imagining what gorgeous dinners they would enjoy if ever they got home. But what Mr. Fleming would have done without "Kini," I could not say. Her name was Mlle Ella Maillart, a Swiss woman of thirty, and she also was a correspondent, for a French paper. She was an expert sailor, a ski-ing international, a captain at hockey, and she had taught French in a Welsh school, though ignorant of Welsh and English. She could go a fourteen hours' tramp and sleep without food. She could patch the clothes, skin and cook the creatures that his rook-rifle had brought down, and (what is to myself her greatest wonder) though tortured with violent lumbago, she could ride pony, mule, donkey, or yak day after day "in agony without complaint." Only one thing in the whole book is to me more marvellous : the gallant companions neither fell in love nor quarrelled. Perhaps they were too hard-pressed to quarrel, and I cannot speak for a woman's feelings ; but what man on earth could resist "Kini" ?

THE WORDSWORTHIAN COMMUNITY

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN. A Narrative. By DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.
 Edited by E. DE SELINCOURT. Oxford University Press. 5s.

FEW authoresses can have contended less for a separate and lasting honour in literature than Dorothy Wordsworth—and here she is still, the “enchanted sister” who wrote the journals at Grasmere, the memorials of tours in Scotland, and a few other unfaded pages. By degrees her prose writings have emerged from the general Wordsworthian landscape into the clear, particular view of many readers. From a few sentences accompanying Wordsworth’s poems, and larger specimens in the *Memoirs* of the poet by his nephew the Bishop, they have grown in print until they assume the aspect of “Works.” “George and Sarah Green,” too—Dorothy’s latest volume—has grown, “to outward view”; out of the obscurity of a reference by De Quincey, through partial publication in Professor de Selincourt’s *Life of Dorothy Wordsworth*, it has extended into the present modest but complete book.

The appropriate editor of this “coherent work of art,” in his detailed and perceptive preface, tells us that it did not remain unpublished so long for lack of commendation. “Dorothy’s friends, the Clarksons in particular, urged her to publish it”; but she was firm in her refusal, as far as immediate action was concerned. It was not merely that she would “detest the idea of setting myself up as an Author.” Had that been all, anonymity was a possible solution. But she was afraid of the effects of the Press on young individuals concerned in the matter. “Thirty or forty years hence, when the characters of the children are formed and they can be no longer objects of curiosity, if it should be thought that any service would be done, it is my present wish that it should then be published, whether I am alive or dead.”

George and Sarah Green, cottagers, of the parish of Grasmere, left their home on a snowy Saturday in March, 1808, to witness a sale in Langdale. On the way home, probably caught in a mist, they lost their lives. Their six children, the eldest a girl eleven years old, waited for their return till Monday at midday. Then neighbours, guessing the situation, came to their relief. The bodies of the parents were found, and were buried on Friday afternoon; it then became the business of the Wordsworths and others, with “more than ordinary exertions,” to “befriend and protect the Orphan Children.” A trust was formed, and subscriptions amounting to £500 were collected, “of which the Wordsworths, by personal efforts among their friends, were responsible for about a third.” The money sufficed for the upbringing of the orphans, and also for a distribution of cash to them at a meeting at Rydal Mount in 1829.

With William Wordsworth in such close relation to the disaster and its consequences, it is not to be imagined that some literary record would be wanting. He himself was actually in London at the time of the trouble, but on his return he wrote a ballad on it, which Professor de Selincourt describes as on the whole “a feeble composition.” Making up for that, however, William caused Dorothy to draw up a prose narrative in minute detail, with the object “of leaving behind a record of human sympathies, and moral sentiments, either as they were called forth or brought to remembrance, by the distressful



THE PRODIGAL SON

By JEROME BOSCH (c. 1462-1516)

*From the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam. Now in the
Exhibition of Jerome Bosch and Primitives of the Northern
Netherlands at that Museum*

event." The result was the quarto manuscript in 43 pages which is now published in full for the first time.

From the circumstances of its origin and the nature of the writer, simplicity is inevitably the chief characteristic of *George and Sarah Green*. De Quincey at a much later date produced the ornamental, the half-mythical version. Dorothy gives the thing itself, in village quality. For example, after describing the poverty of the Greens, she gives them the local tribute, "See them when you would, both were chearful; and when they went to visit a Friend or to a Sale they were decently dressed." Then follows, in all its bloom, the local moralization: "Alas! a love of Sales had always been their failing, being perhaps the only publick meetings in this neighbourhood where social pleasure is to be had without the necessity of expending money. . . ." And, since Dorothy is writing a month after the tragedy, she can voice the sentiments of the Committee upon one of their number, that one who always disturbs the peace on such occasions: "I will not blemish a narrative of events so moving, which have brought forward so many kind and good feelings, by entering into the cabals and heart-burnings of Mrs. —. . . Perhaps the irregular interference of Mrs. — may have called forth a few unbecoming expressions of resentment from some of the Inhabitants of the Vale. . . ." Such touches animate what is in the end a wise and choice tribute to the rural virtues and the good sense of a lonely community among the hills.

DAYS OF CONTEMPT

By WILLIAM PLOMER

DAYS OF CONTEMPT. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Translated by Haakon M. CHEVALIER. Gollancz. 6s.

MANKIND seems to suffer much from a split personality, though the nature of the division varies. Mr. Max Beerbohm, contrasting those two Victorian forces, Disraeli and Gladstone, has described one as a sceptical idealist and the other as a mystical realist. Cervantes offered us a comparison between a mystical idealist and a sceptical realist. And at the present day we are continually being pressed to choose between being a Communist and being a Fascist. Clearly one cannot be both, though in some countries it is advisable to be one or the other. Some people consider that in England there is no need to make a choice since there is room here for varieties of opinion, and a talent here for co-operation. Others, less complacent, believe that we are already involved in the necessity of choosing. Persons of Fascist tendencies tell us that Communism stands for all that is detestable and un-English—godlessness, violence, disorder, oppression of the middle classes, the end of civil liberty and individuality. Communists tell us that Fascism stands for all that is detestable and un-English—war, violence, oppression of the workers, the end of civil liberty, individuality, and culture. Both sides claim to be realists and idealists, neither admits to mysticism or dreams of indulging in scepticism towards anything but the enemy's good intentions. So it is a nice quandary that Mr. Everyman (if there be such a person) finds himself in. If he once takes sides he dare not draw back or he will be called a traitor; if he refuses to take sides, he will be sneered at as a coward, a ninny, a bourgeois, or just a feeble old-fashioned liberal. But before he either decides to jump off the fence on which he is told he sits, or is pushed or bombed off it, he may just have time to observe that the

struggle, although nominally a politico-economic one, bears many of the signs of a religious conflict. It is as if we are in the throes of a new Reformation. On one side, it seems, are the supporters of tradition, order, privilege and force; on the other the supporters of a younger tradition, a different order, a much wider conception of privilege, and force. As in previous reformations, there are no signs of a quick and universal triumph for either side: facing both ways, carrying the torch of freedom, or some similar abstraction, in one hand, and a sawn-off shotgun in the other, mankind may be expected to continue marching backwards and forwards at the same time, squinting clear-eyed at its goal.

Meanwhile, the market for tendentious literature continues firm. The handsome Adolf is a best-seller in some quarters, and M. André Malraux, to judge by his reputation, in others. He now offers us a short novel describing the horrors, mental rather than physical, suffered by an individual interned in a Nazi prison, followed by his deliverance and escape to Czechoslovakia. Readers of previous books by M. Malraux will know that he is an imaginative writer, and in *Days of Contempt* he shows as before the power of bringing things home to the reader. He has a variety of literary resources. In describing the hallucinations of the prisoner he writes like a surrealist. In seeking to harrow up our much-harrowed feelings he relies on a simple and direct appeal to our emotions, as when one prisoner communicates with another, in a muffled, menacing darkness, by tapping out in code the word *comrade*:

In the depths of the prison shadows, they were tapping out together that word *comrade*, certain now that they understood each other, and yet neither of them interrupted the other; they went on to the end, each hearing both his own taps and those of the other, as they might have heard the faint coupled beating of their hearts.

At times, like most preachers, M. Malraux becomes a bore, as when he says that "no music is more exalting than a refrain pealed forth by a multitude"—as if only community singing could be "exalting"! There is a preface which adds nothing to our appreciation of the book, its author, or literature in general. M. Malraux tells us that Flaubert is misleading, attacks individualism, declares that "it is not emotion that destroys a work of art, but the desire to demonstrate something" (a surely meaningless phrase), and adds a few truisms. His significance may be discerned in a passage like the following:

You, my Chinese comrades buried alive, my Russian friends with your eyes gouged out, my German friends around me with your ropes, you in the next cell who have perhaps been beaten to death, what I call love is the thing that binds us together.

Apart from the fact that Communists as well as Fascists are liable to gouge, there seems little doubt that where the Communist chiefly differs from the Fascist is in being moved by what he calls love. So was the early Christian, devotee of a militant faith that was to conquer the world, and it is no doubt because the principles of Communism make a more idealistic appeal than those of Fascism that they attract idealistic natures. But there are warm natures that are as easily chilled by mystical idealism as by patriotic brutality or displays of racial prejudice; there are men who still contrive, without abandoning scepticism, to be effectual; there are, as M. Malraux admits, "other attitudes" than the heroic. And indeed the split personality of mankind, though it may seem at present to fall into two main divisions, consists of innumerable and variable particles.

GREEK LYRIC POETRY

By W. H. D. ROUSE

GREEK LYRIC POETRY, FROM ALCMAN TO SIMONIDES. By C. M. BOWRA. Oxford University Press. 21s.

WHAT a pleasant surprise this book offers ! We have suffered much from works of scholarship, which so often gather the dullness of the ages, and pile mountains before us in which we may grub for bits of ore like the modern workers at the Laurian silver-mines ; but Mr. Bowra has done the grubbing, and he presents us with a picture of living men and women, where the poets sing from their hearts to the hearts of their friends. His rich learning is carried so lightly that it does not oppress us ; on the contrary, it gives us the background of the scenes and the light which makes them real. The texts are generously given, and a translation added unobtrusively. And all in so engaging a style that it is a pleasure to read. He never forgets that the poets are part of a great national march, and he lets us see how each has his place in the story of literature : what he took from tradition, what he gave of his own, and how that worked upon his successors. Side-lights are thrown on other parts of literature, particularly the drama, and Pindar.

It is a great loss that we know so little of the dances which accompany the choral song, but Mr. Bowra does give us something to help us in his reconstruction of Alcman's Partheneion. He shows us the importance of the lyrics of the seventh and sixth centuries, as revealing what thoughts and feelings were in the minds of men of that heroic age when there is no contemporary history to guide us.

Alcman, probably a Greek from Asia, lived and sang in Sparta, and that during Sparta's golden years, when she had rest for a time from struggles and could give play to joy. Her maidens were free as no others were ; and the pleasant banter of rival choirs must have given them a zest for life. The famous song has already the same type as Pindar's Odes, " the myth, the maxims, and the personal remarks," perhaps even two strophes and epode. Even Heracles is prominent in Alcman's verse, Pindar's favourite, whom he " always sticks to." Even Hesiod has his echoes, as he so often does in Pindar. Even the mellow humour is to be found, which is in Pindar too, unnoticed by critics ; as, for example, when he shares the pride and pleasure of the cock-fighting squire of Himera (Ol. xii).

Stesichorus has left " the shadow of a great name," but how little else ! He is, however, " the man of Himera," the first evidence of the brilliant intellectual life of Sicily and Greater Greece, which flourished so wonderfully on the borders of black barbaric hordes. The choral odes of Stesichorus were of the same type as Alcman's, but his originality is shown in free dealing with his stories. His most famous invention was how Heracles travelled from east to west in the Sun's golden cup. He told many other legends ; and drew upon folk-song for some of his poems. He first equipped Heracles with club, skin, or bow, and Pindar perhaps got the birth of Athena armed from him. I wonder if Pindar's account of the first Olympian games was in any way a parody of Stesichorus' Funeral games over Pelias. Stesichorus was obviously quite solemn, and he used traditional names ; but the names in Pindar are either made up or he was singularly lucky in finding them. If the dancers played up, it was a highly

diverting scene, and quite in keeping with Pindar's merciless chaff of his boy's "debt" all through the ode. But if we had our Stesichorus, this might prove to be a literary jest as well.

In Lesbos, poetry turned towards monody. The Lesbians grew from the soil; they are racy with proverbs and bits of folk-song and plain vernacular speech, speak freely of their own feelings and the events of the moment, and owe nothing to literary precedents. They reflect the changing social conditions of the time, the struggle between landed aristocracy and trade. Between them, Alcæus and Sappho give the man's and the woman's view. Alcæus reveals a "convivial but serious life." About Sappho Mr. Bowra's words are pithy and memorable: "Sincerity can go no further," "with Sappho the whole question of love was connected with that divine exaltation which is usually the privilege of Saints." She and her *θίασος* were formally devoted to the worship of Aphrodite the goddess, not of Eros; and Aphrodite is "the goddess of beauty rather than of the desire for it."

Ibycus began in the tradition of Stesichorus, and then turned his art to be the vehicle of his private emotions. He played with myths to suit his purposes, and at Sicily he used them for politics. In Samos he seems to have been a court poet, and Mr. Bowra sees in the poem found at Oxyrynchus a eulogy of the tyrant's son, Polycrates of Rhodes. The poet's imagery is literary and abstract, not like Sappho's drawn straight from nature; he uses metaphor and image rather than the plain description of feelings. Anacreon brings the monody up to date, for a society which "thought more of pleasure than of traditional standards of conduct, and was playful in its attitude to religion and ethics." His use of metaphor gives "a foretaste of the metaphorical triumphs of Æschylus." From the court of Polycrates at Samos he passed to the Athenian tyrants, and from there he passed to the King of Thessaly, seeking ever the familiar society of princes.

Simonides was in Athens with Anacreon, where he was a friend of Themistocles; and he also lived afterwards at the Thessalian court. He made the epinician ode what it is, if he did not invent it; and his perfect skill in the epigram needs no comment. He was a poet of wider range than those lately spoken of; his pathos we can taste from the poem about Danaë, and this was "his chief excellence" for Quintilian and Dionysius. The philosophic piece on goodness which Plato quotes (and explains wrongly) is analysed and arranged here with clarity; it is indeed a new note in lyric poetry. His relations with politics are illustrated by the epigram for Pausanias at Delphi, and by the controversy between Themistocles and Timocreon of Rhodes, whose poem on the subject is cleverly restored.

The last chapter in the book deals with Attic Scolia. Here also is a great deal of interest and novelty. Mr. Bowra is able to date the collection, and many of the poems, on reasonable grounds, and to connect them with historical events. Appendixes discuss the chronology of Sappho and Alcæus, the song of Hybrias the Cretan. Critical questions, and the origins of Æolic metres.

I read this book all through without wanting to miss any of it, and I am ready to prophesy that others will do the same.

THE UNCROWNED KING

PARNELL. A BIOGRAPHY BY JOAN HASLIP. Cobden-Sanderson. 15s.

MISS HASLIP has written both a good and a disappointing book. Good, because Miss Haslip writes straightforwardly and well, if without any peculiar distinction; because she knows her period and can see the central subject of her study in proper perspective; because she provides so much information, both well and less well known about Parnell, that if we read her book with care we shall know almost as much as we can possibly want about him, except, of course, about his time at Cambridge which it has apparently become a tradition among biographers to ignore; because she has a civilized sense of values and does not distort her picture by indulgence in either ecstasy or excoriation. Her book is, in fact, one which stands head and shoulders above the ordinary level of biographies.

But it is nevertheless a disappointing book, because it might so easily have been still better than it is. Miss Haslip tells us that she has "deliberately avoided footnotes" since she finds that "they impede the reader's progress"; but the reader's progress is much more impeded if he comes on some statement of which he would like to have documentary confirmation and finds that the expected footnote is missing—which is a fairly frequent experience in reading Miss Haslip's book, and one for which the generous, but far from comprehensive, bibliography is not sufficient compensation. Again, Miss Haslip often sacrifices effect by padding her narrative with detachable pieces of description. This is a habit which has little point at any time, and none at all if the facts adduced are unreliable, which is sometimes the case with Miss Haslip—for example, she thinks it necessary to preface the eight lines which she devotes to a meeting which Parnell held in Westport with twice that number in a description of Westport itself, committing herself in the course of them to the statement that "the walls of Lord Sligo's demesne encircle the town," which in point of fact they do not. Again, Miss Haslip has been much too sparing with dates; those of her readers who are not familiar with the relative chronology of Irish political movements and events will often find it difficult to guess where precisely in the reign of Queen Victoria they are, but guess or remain ignorant they generally must, for Miss Haslip allows anything up to fifty pages to pass before pegging her narrative to a date. But above all, Miss Haslip seems to have made the mistake of not deciding whether a biography should be a story or a study. It can be either, but it cannot easily be both, and Miss Haslip's attempt to combine the two deprives her book of the unity which a work of art must possess.

In fact, though one must, of course, give Miss Haslip the credit for the virtues which I have mentioned, it is more than anything else the endless fascination of Parnell himself that makes her book so interesting. Of its interest there can be no doubt.

DEREK VERSCHOYLE

SIBELIUS THE MAN

JEAN SIBELIUS. By KARL EKMAN. Alan Wilmer. 12s. 6d.

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN, in his foreword to Mr. Ekman's book, speaks of Sibelius as "a great musical solitary": and the first-hand impressions of him as a man, which are the main gist of the book, point the aptness of the phrase. Mr. Ekman's book is devoted to "Jean Sibelius the man" and, like many books of its kind, it is a disappointment to the admirer of Sibelius as a musician: for Sibelius seems to be one of the composers who hardly exist outside their own work, so that the final impression left, after carefully avoiding any discussion of Sibelius' music, is much the same as might be left if someone should write the biography of a race-horse without describing or discussing any of the races which he had won or in which he had taken part. We learn a certain amount about Finland and Finnish history: but nothing of the world of Finnish mythology, which has obviously been of far more importance to Sibelius than the records of Swedish penetration or Russian bullying. There are very few anecdotes of youthful prodigies or eccentricities for Sibelius was not a very extraordinary child; passionately fond of Nature, certainly, but not more than many other children. The narrative becomes more interesting when it touches on the beginnings of his musical career: but here again there is none of the glamour of Bohemianism or appalling poverty and difficulty which the public expect of every successful composer's debut.

It is largely a story of very hard work, and the gradual achievement of a musical individuality by slow, organic growth. Some of the stories of Berlin and Vienna in the late eighties of the last century are entertaining, particularly when they include some comment made by Sibelius as a young man. It is interesting, for instance, to hear the future apostle of "musical music" writing after a performance of Beethoven's F Major Quartet, Op. 59, by Joachim's quartet:

. . . when the adagio was played I thought I was in a colonnade. It was moonlight. On the left was a solid wall, on the other side a beautiful garden with birds of paradise, shells, palms and so on. All was dead and quiet, the shadows were long and thick and it smelt like an old library. Nothing was to be heard but sighs. It was Beethoven that sighed. When the theme in F minor was repeated, he sighed an extraordinarily deep sigh. After a time everything changed to large lakes with red water and above them God played the violin.

Nor, perhaps, would many admirers of the mature Sibelius guess that E. T. A. Hoffmann was one of the favourites of his youth. When he went to Vienna, Busoni, who had made Sibelius' acquaintance in Helsingfors, had given him a letter of introduction to Brahms: but there was no enthusiasm on either side. Mahler Sibelius "respected as a person, his ethically exalted qualities as a man and an artist, in spite of his ideas on art being different from mine." But it is impossible not to find Sibelius' answer to Mahler's rather genius-conscious question—"Was wollen Sie, dass ich von Ihnen dirigiere?" "Nichts"—both deserved and attractive.

Of Sibelius' views on life and events outside the world of music Mr. Ekman has not been able to give us very much. Although without question a patriotic Finn, the chance by which *Finlandia* appeared at a national crisis, and his isolated position as Finland's one internationally famous artist, have thrust

him into an unnaturally prominent place as a patriot : and at the time of the Russian Revolution he seems to have thought less of the danger to Finnish nationalism than of his own discomfort and the risk of losing his property. On February 13th, 1918, he writes : " We have again had Red Guards searching the house. What a shame for my house that I had to allow them to open all the drawers and saw the 'treasures of this poor destitute house' exposed ! When I saw this, I could scarcely restrain my grief. A crowd of bandits, armed to the teeth, and I, a nervous composer, unarmed ! " It is hard to believe that Sibelius' villa was quite a " destitute house " when he already had an international position as a composer and a modest but regular pension from the Finnish Government. That he is before all else an artist, and only in an entirely different sense a patriot, can be seen from another entry in his diary, that for April 11th of the same year, during a bombardment : " Have never dreamt of anything so tremendous. Horrible, but grand ! . . . The crescendo, as the thunder of the guns came nearer . . . lasted for close on thirty hours and ended in a fortissimo I could never have dreamt of . . . a really great sensation." It is a pity Mr. Ekman claims an extra-artistic position for Sibelius, which he, himself, would certainly deny. But apart from these exaggerations, Mr. Ekman's book is an interesting and valuable book ; though perhaps less for students of Sibelius as a composer than for the general public.

MARTIN COOPER

THE VINDICTIVE DEAD

THE FEAR OF THE DEAD IN PRIMITIVE RELIGION. Vol. III. By
SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, O.M. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

WITH this volume Sir James closes his trilogy, based on a series of lectures given under the William Wise Foundation at Trinity College, Cambridge. His general thesis is the attitude of primitive man towards death, an attitude which he finds is based on fear, not of death, but of the dead, the powerful, malicious ghosts who, resenting their demise, return, if they can, to harass the living. And from their vindictive persecution of the living rises religion, which, concludes Sir James, is man's instinctive response to demoniac machinations, a technique, in short, to deal with the fear complex and to give that emotional reassurance which alone makes life worth while.

The present volume continues to present the evidence for this view in the comprehensive and meticulous manner with which all students of Sir James are familiar. His net has been cast world-wide and we are regaled with a funeral banquet of every kind of fish. The book is a storehouse of references, a documentation of the subject as valuable as it is precise, and for this we have to thank Sir James, remarking only that a curious inconsistency in the spelling of names (Wachagga, for instance, and Wajagga) and a habit of using spellings long known to be inaccurate and no longer accepted make reading more difficult than it need really be. In this, no doubt, he follows the authors whom he is consulting at the moment, but the responsibility is none the less his to give the reader the benefit of his wide knowledge when leading them through a wilderness of alien terminology. His duty, as we see it, is to be definite in such matters

in order at least to avoid the possibility of confusion, since (to return to our example) there is a Jagga tribe to which Sir James does not refer. In general, too, a more critical attitude might have been adopted towards his sources, many of which are known to be unreliable, but which are used without discrimination side by side with authorities whose names carry real weight.

This absence of a critical balance inevitably detracts from the value of the evidence presented here, and a further criticism must be made against the method employed by Sir James Frazer. To abstract isolated practices from their context and then to correlate superficial resemblances from a diversity of cultures is neither scientific nor convincing, since the significance of the practices concerned cannot be appreciated when they are so divorced, and many such correlations must be considered null and void, and the deductions drawn from them valueless. I do not suggest that Sir James, whose integrity cannot be impugned, would deliberately emphasize a resemblance which he knows to be invalid, but he runs a grave danger of drawing inaccurate deductions from fortuitous phenomena, and I for one am seriously perturbed by such phrases as "we may safely assume that all these observances . . ." when, in point of fact, such an assumption is not logically justified and very often does not exclude a contrary hypothesis.

To return to Sir James's thesis that fear of the dead is the dominant attitude in primitive man, this is in itself a dubious proposition, and all the evidence which he adduces is susceptible of a different interpretation. "Enough perhaps has been said," he writes, in his concluding paragraph, "to convince us that fear of the spirits of the dead . . . has haunted the mind of primitive man from time immemorial all over the world . . . and we may surmise that the same fear has gone far to shape the moulds into which religious thought has run ever since man began to meditate on the great mysteries by which our little life on earth is encompassed."

"Our little life on earth"—that is the crux of the matter. Primitive man does not consider that what we call death terminates life. To him death is only one of the many transitions, comparable with puberty, from one living status to another, and rites of death are rites of transition which enable the individual to assume his new status and responsibilities. He is as much a member of the living community as ever he was, is present at the family or tribal councils and is intimately concerned with the welfare of the living because his own prosperity and hope of reincarnation are bound up with the prosperity of the community. If this is so, and there is abundant evidence even in Sir James's own publications that it is so, then it would be the height of illogicality to attribute malice to, and to feel fear of, the tribal dead. They are, in fact, not ghosts, but elder statesmen, whose counsels are invited and who participate in all public feasts, whose superior wisdom, conferred on them by age, makes them the proper vehicle of intercession with the gods and powers, who, and not the ancestors, comprise primitive religion.

If Sir James had written "fear of *some* dead," he would have been beyond criticism, but to join all the dead in one and to convert what is clearly a sociological doctrine into a religious belief, to disregard the primitive attitude towards physiological death and to attribute malice to those whose primary duty it is to conserve the community, this flies in the face of all the most recent evidence and requires much more proof than Sir James has submitted.

Fear of the dead as a whole is impossible in any primitive society, though

fear of certain classes of the dead is everywhere present. And this, I think, Sir James must realize, since the most important and extremely valuable chapter in this volume is concerned with what he calls "dangerous ghosts." These are the dead who have been denied normal burial, and who therefore have not passed through those rites which enable them to assume their new status. This denial may be deliberate in the case of individuals who may have been guilty of anti-social offences during their lifetime, or it may have been accidental, as in the case of those killed prematurely in war or by disease, since any premature death precludes the dead man from attaining the status of an ancestor. But whatever the reason, the dead man, foiled of his laudable ambition to acquire senior status, is naturally vexed and vindictive and has to be placated or given his spiritual quietus. Such cases, however, are the exception, though the different categories listed by Sir James are formidable enough, and indeed could be added to. The living fear these vindictive dead, and much of what Sir James quotes in his book deals strictly with these limited few. For the rest, the practices detailed by him are normal rites of transition, not necessarily denoting fear or hypothesizing any religious basis. These specific fears, indeed, are the strongest argument against any general fear of the dead.

J. H. DRIBERG

EMILY BRONTË

THE LIFE AND EAGER DEATH OF EMILY BRONTË. A Biography by VIRGINIA MOORE. Rich and Cowan. 18s.

THIS biography, beginning inauspiciously with an overweight of sentimental detail, ends in imaginative understanding. It would be easy to be prejudiced against the book by its first few chapters. "Seven horses lowered their heads, seven carts rumbled, as they began the long hard pull up Haworth's main street. . . . Willingly would the seven horses have been uncoupled, for the carts were heavy and creaking with the new parson's furniture"—this description of the Brontës' move to Haworth belongs properly to the *Vie romancée*, the type of bastard biography whose success in recent years has accelerated the decline of the serious novel; and to write a *vie romancée* of Emily Brontë would be in the worst possible taste. But as one reads on it becomes apparent that, although the author often allows surmise on detail too large a part in her reconstruction of an obscure and hidden life, the book is truly *felt*. Miss Moore, who writes her preface from Virginia, is perhaps American; she has, at any rate, the American biographer's infinite capacity for visiting, handling, examining relics. "I visited every earthly place Emily lived or went in the body; even slept among the hundred-year-old damp of 'The Black Bull,' above the room where, as Branwell chalked up 'shots,' Emily tapped a warning on the window." This capacity, a minute examination of the literary sources, and an imagination which, though it sometimes runs to fancy and sentimentality, is generally useful, give us a day-to-day life which has value.

But the importance of the book lies not in its record of concrete facts but in its interpretation of Emily Brontë's life—a life singularly secret even for an unmarried woman in the first half of the nineteenth century. Much material

has been lost, some destroyed by Emily herself ; we have not even the original manuscript of *Wuthering Heights*, a lack which has encouraged the theory that Branwell Brontë and not Emily was the author. (This theory, already handsomely disproved by Miss Cooper Willis' monograph a few months ago, seems to me finally smashed by Miss Moore's book.) There remain Charlotte Brontë's letters, two of Anne's, three of Emily's, her sparse Diary, her poems and her one terrific novel. Miss Moore's industry gives us three hitherto unpublished poems of considerable significance. These would make her book worth while. But its real point is in her handling of all the poems as autobiographical material. The issue is, of course, complicated by the Brontë mythology. As children the Brontës invented a game involving fabulous countries with inhabitants, rulers, characters who became fixed, and a history which ramified and developed ; the Gondal myth, which was the peculiar property of Emily and Anne, later served as the framework of many of the former's most personal and agonized poems. Miss Moore has done good work in disentangling what is mythological in the poems from what is personal and autobiographical ; she uses them, in fact, as the main source for her interpretation of Emily's life, and it is not till the last that she comes to *Wuthering Heights* for confirmation of what she has already discerned in the verse.

The year 1838 was crucial in Emily Brontë's life ; Miss Moore is clear on the point that something definite and cataclysmic happened. Collating, as she says, the poems with the life, she offers rival hypotheses ; either involves an emotional encounter from which Emily never recovered. According to the first, her affection fastened on a person of her own sex. This is borne out by the recorded vagaries of her character and by the reactions of her contemporaries ; by the masculine qualities of her writing ; by something violent and despairing in the nature of the passion expressed in her verse. In "Light Up Thy Halls," a poem which communicates the extremes of anguished, betrayed and revengeful love, the pronouns point to a woman as the betrayer. This is, of course, useless as a concrete proof, since all the Brontë family interchanged genders in their verse to suit themselves or their mythology. But there is, as Miss Moore insists, an urgency, an immediacy in the poem which persuades one that discreet concealment was here improbable.

The other hypothesis is based on a love poem written immediately before "Light Up Thy Halls" with, in the manuscript, the name "Louis Parensell" pencilled above. Miss Moore believes, without any very tangible evidence, that the name was written by Charlotte herself after Emily's death, recording a suspicion or a guess. This is unconvincing, the most fanciful part of a book often inadequately supported by fact ; the first theory is far the more probable. In any case, Emily was for the rest of her life haunted by a hysterical conviction of sin. Miss Moore argues interestingly that in a fashion she procured redemption by depicting sin in *Wuthering Heights*. For Miss Moore, Heathcliff is Emily herself, and the whole book a sentence on her life ; in this work of sustained passion she released the accumulated forces of emotion, purifying and at the same time, passing judgment on them. After this act of expiation there was no need to go on living. She had for years been writing about death ; since 1838 she had learned genuinely to mean what she wrote ; in 1848 she let herself die, refusing until the last hour to see a doctor.

DILYS POWELL

INTERLUDES OF A WAR-CORRESPONDENT

BETWEEN THE WARS. By HENRY WOODD NEVINSON. With an introduction by H. M. TOMLINSON. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

THERE are fifty-two essays in this collection, and not half a dozen that seem to owe their origin, as many of them did, to editorial inspiration. This quality of sincerity is there through no mere trick of journalism. Mr. Nevinson's varied and constantly renewed experience furnished him with opinions of his own on many subjects, and though the "Middles" which he wrote for Massingham's *Nation* and for Mr. Brailsford's *New Leader* were mostly embroideries on subjects suggested by the news of the week they were handled less in the spirit of a journalist than in the spirit of a born crusader nursing his spirit between crusades. The same lively independence of mind that made a principle more to him than the kind of camp into which it happened to lead is as clearly marked in these reflective essays as in the correspondence and dispatches that he sent from the seats of war, rebellion and slavery the world over. He is nowhere afraid to be unconventional or conventional. His whole purpose is to speak his mind on the subject in hand, whether it be the Bible or folk dancing, Bunyan, Browning or Euripides, and it is a mind which, as Mr. Tomlinson says, evades classification. "He is more of an individualist than a member of the Carlton Club, yet, like Voltaire, though he hated your opinion, he would die in defence of your right to hold it." This tenacious yet tolerant individualism is the strongest of antiseptics against the chances and changes of fashion. The essays keep their freshness because nobody but he could have written them.

Most editors would receive with a coldly wary eye a "Middle" which raised once more the question, so elusive yet so hackneyed, whether in writing it is possible to form a "style," but Mr. Nevinson's editor, we may surmise, was glad to get from him a paper on this subject. And in the conclusion, reached by way of a rough handling of Stevenson, readers to-day will feel that they have fathomed the secret of their enjoyment of Mr. Nevinson as an occasional essayist. "Our delight in a good style," he insists, "comes partly from the sense, sound, clearness, arrangement, brevity and other necessary qualities; but chiefly it springs from our half-conscious love for the stern, indignant, joyful, clear-sighted, impassioned, or otherwise beautiful spirit which it reveals." His own style is like that, and it rarely fails him, though his subjects range widely from the conventional to the uncommon, from dissertations on style or on reading to the violent attack on Virginia Creeper which defaces Oxford Colleges or the ironical lament for the rich unemployed who must wait for a General Strike before being granted the blessings of honest toil. He can appreciate with equal zest the merits of poets as dissimilar as Browning and Housman and of writers like Anatole France and J. M. Synge, and he has a delightfully shrewd appreciation of the "formidable gentleness" of C. P. Scott, the editor whom he served on many foreign missions. A few pieces, among them the mock contemporary review of *Pickwick Papers* beginning "Mr. Dickens will go far" have an old-fashioned air, but the rest have still an irresistible vitality.

A. V. COOKMAN

FUTURE OF STAGE AND SCREEN

FILM AND THEATRE. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

IN the sense that we listen in the theatre to the real voices of flesh-and-blood actors, the stage is obviously more realistic than the screen. But for this very reason, Professor Nicoll argues, the theatre of the future will have to get right away from the realism of drawing-room comedies, for

when living person is set before living person—actor before spectator—a certain deliberate conventionalizing is demanded of the former if the æsthetic impression is not to be lost ; whereas in the film, in which immediately a measure of distance is imposed between image and spectator, greater approaches to real forms may be permitted, even although these have to exist alongside impossibilities and fantastic symbols far removed from the world around us.

One result of this contrast is that the stage, limited by its material resources, is forced to deal with types, while the cinema

is given the opportunity of delving more deeply into human consciousness. By its subjective method it can display life from the point of view of its protagonists. Madness on the stage, in spite of Ophelia's pathetic efforts, has always appeared rather absurd. . . . On the screen, however, madness may be made arresting, terrifying, awful. The mania of the lunatic in the German film, *M*, held the attention precisely because we were enabled to look within his distracted brain. Seeing for moments the world distorted in eccentric imaginings, we are moved as no objective presentation of a stage Ophelia can move us.

In fact, the art of the stage is synthetic and the art of the screen is analytic, which brings the cinema "into closer accord with recent tendencies in other arts," profoundly influenced as they all have been by modern psychology. And although Professor Nicoll emphasizes that the theatre ought to fear nothing from cinema rivalry, he does not tell us very clearly how the theatre is to solve the problems which stand in the way of its rebirth. In one very acute passage he observes that Shakespeare cannot be effectively produced to-day in the bare Elizabethan manner, for "we moderns, it seems, are much more deeply moved by visual symbols than by words." Yet the hope of the theatre, he believes, lies in a revival of poetic drama, and this paradox is not fully disposed of by declaring that "the cheap and ugly simian chatter of familiar conversation must give way to the ringing tones of a poetic utterance, not removed from our comprehension, but bearing a manifest relationship to current speech."

However, the cinema also has its problems, artistic and commercial, and one merit of Professor Nicoll's book is his insistence that films must stand or fall as a large-scale industry ; their most important work cannot be done for small eclectic groups. He discusses at length—sometimes too laboriously—the development and purpose of the cinema's technical methods, and his book—which includes a most thorough bibliography and an index—will be particularly useful to theatre-goers who have never appreciated in detail what the best films are aiming at and have achieved. I wish, though, that he had related these two art-forms more clearly to the social conditions out of which they have arisen. There may have to be drastic social changes before the cinema is free to explore its own new territory to the end and before a new poetic drama finds the audiences which will demand its creation.

CHARLES DAVY

WILLIAM HALE WHITE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK RUTHERFORD. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.

NOT sixteen months before the outbreak of the Great War died in retirement in his eighty-second year an English prose-writer whose works, for pithiness and moral strength, have seldom been surpassed. It may seem absurd, even in an age of strenuous re-valuation, to claim a place for any Victorian in proximity to John Selden and Jane Austen, especially when his modest output appears to be a fictional conspectus of Dissent in the provinces, a paper or two on Wordsworth, and a translation of part of Spinoza ; but the student of literature learns to look behind appearances ; indeed, are not we only just beginning to appreciate the humanity of Patmore's magisterial Odes ? As an artist " Mark Rutherford " is comparable to that small class of specialists who render a single aspect, " one dark labouring point of life," with complete fidelity—a painter, for instance, like Chardin ; but it is mainly as a watchword and a beacon for this troubled age that the reprinting of his works, with his last corrections, by the Oxford University Press must strike many as significant.

The autobiography of despair and disillusion is only too familiar. It has produced one conspicuous modern example, *The Diary of a Disappointed Man*. Treating the matter in hand primarily as medicine, no reader can fail to find three definite specifics for the maladies of the post-war generation in *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* alone.

First, this writer had a " clear and distinct idea " of the dignity of labour no less than of the indignities the will to labour undergoes. " Let no man judge Communist or Anarchist till he has asked for leave to work " (he cries in *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*), " and a ' Damn your eyes ! ' has rung in his ears." Mr. H. W. Massingham quotes this passage in his fine memorial introduction to this well-printed edition. Such a diagnosis, so long before the epoch of the Dole, is some way, surely, towards a cure. Secondly, the value of frank confession, in a secular sense, of opening the heart in trouble to a comparative stranger, can seldom have been developed so profitably as by Hale White. This may seem a trivial point, but to-day have we not a religious movement, one of whose cardinal doctrines is that of " sharing " ?

The third specific for modernity is " Rutherford's " diagnosis of neurasthenia, which, carefully mastered, would reduce the income of many a Harley Street specialist and send quacks in shoals to the workhouse. He calls it " hypochondria," and neither John Stuart Mill, nor Mark Pattison, nor, it might be added, Lord Beaconsfield (in a single place, *Contarini Fleming*), have described the loss and recapture of poise, through all the stages of alarm and melancholia, with such truthful simplicity. To make loneliness not lonely is perhaps the highest any spiritual writer can achieve, and here Hale White quite unmistakably joins hands with the great poets ; he advanced farther than his contemporary, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*.

But what of the books *as books* ? Has the last word been said on them, when their historical importance, their chastity of diction, less latinized than George Eliot's, as Professor A. E. Taylor has pointed out, their fine revelation of the souls of ordinary men and women, and their lack of drawing a moral (Socratic

irony) have been reiterated? These Mardons, these Mr. Snales, John Broads, and petty tradesmen of mid-Victorian Bedford, can they really stand up against the great creations of English fiction? And the plots! They can hardly be said to exist. Only in that little gem, *Miriam's Schooling*, is a complete work of art achieved, that anyone can recognize as such. From this cycle of works Mr. Massingham has quoted passages, which will be quoted again and again as long as faithful description, shrewd wit, and brevity are in esteem, the Dorcas gathering, the letter to the local paper, the gossip in Furze's parlour, the East-Midland landscape. There are many others. I will cite but one:

Of course he married Jane Berdoo. His mother was always contriving that Jane should be present when he was at home: he was young: he had never known what it was to go astray with women, and he was unable to stand at a distance from her and ask himself if he really cared for her. He fell in love with himself, married himself, and soon after discovered that he did not know who his wife was. After his marriage he became wholly unjust to her, and allowed her defects to veil the whole of her character.

I mentioned Jane Austen and Selden at starting, and the specific quality of the first is obviously diffused through the paragraph; there is also present the gravity of the *Table-Talk*: "Of all the Actions of a Man's Life, his Marriage does least concern other people, yet of all Actions of our Life 'tis most meddled with by other People." Nor is this all; inspect the miniature closely, and see how much is done. How many writers would have had the strength of character to add that little piece of domestic fact, and hush up the perfect epigram? Not one person is described, but three, and the young wife is somehow the clearest of them. If this be not the *sub specie æternitatis* of fiction, what is? I am not surprised that a learned biography of William Hale White has come from Germany (1930). Herr Klinke has sounded the European alarm. In fifty years Catharine Furze may share honours of sainthood with Marianne Dashwood.

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

THE CLASSICAL SPIRIT

THE CLASSICAL SPIRIT. By G. M. SARGEANT. The Cloanthus Press. 15s.

IT cannot happen often that the Sixth Form of a Public School is blessed with the guidance of one who is both a first-rate scholar, a man of wide human sympathies, and (in the good sense of the word) an æsthete. This volume of his essays, sponsored by the late G. M. Sargeant's friends and pupils, is fitting tribute to such a rare creature. Ranging in subject from "The Genius of Sophocles," and "The Georgics," to "Hazlitt as a Critic of Painting," and "The Wisdom of Rainer Maria Rilke," written in a prose that always preserves the dignity of its theme, these essays attest their author's delicate sensibility and independence of judgment.

G. M. Sargeant possessed the first requisite of a critic—the capacity to find the central point of his subject and to state it clearly, even if it were a conclusion that had been reached many times before. He is most at home with the Greek culture, stressing always its practical, non-abstract nature, its feeling for poetry and the drama as social arts, its acceptance of the State as both the dynamic and the focussing-point of artistic vision. Particularly brilliant are his exposition of the "characterless nature" of Greek sculpture, and his essay on

"The Greek Fear of Life," in which he suggests that the rational development of event from character in Attic tragedy was a kind of wish-fulfilment induced by the Greek horror of blind, irrational Chance. "Plato's quarrel with Art" puts up a spirited defence of the philosopher's views, showing that it was not Art, but Art divorced from the good of the community as a whole, that he quarrelled with. This is followed by an imaginative account of Plato's death, written with a beautiful serenity reminiscent of *Marius the Epicurean*: one feels that Sargeant himself must have looked back with a like serenity on a lifetime spent in patient, humorous, liberal interpretation of his beloved Masters.

C. DAY LEWIS

ROMILLY-EDGEWORTH LETTERS

ROMILLY-EDGEWORTH LETTERS, 1813-1818. With an Introduction and Notes by SAMUEL HENRY ROMILLY. Murray. 9s.

IN a recently published passage of Scott's *Letters* he writes to Miss Baillie: "I have not the pen of our friend Maria Edgeworth, who writes all the while she laughs, talks, eats, drinks and I believe, though I do not pretend to be so far in the secret, all the time she sleeps too." There is only one letter of Miss Edgeworth's in the present collection, which is principally made up of twenty-two letters from Anne, Lady Romilly to Maria, with two of Sir Samuel Romilly's to the Edgeworth father and daughter, and two of Richard Lovell Edgeworth's to Sir Samuel and Anne. The Edgeworths and the Romillys met during the visit of the former to London in 1813, and henceforward until the premature death of Anne Romilly in 1818, followed immediately by the suicide of her husband, the post was kept busy between Russell Square and Edgeworthstown. Miss Edgeworth's side of the correspondence is unrepresented in the large collection of her *Memoir*, and, as Lady Romilly's grandson explains, the contents of the present volume came to light too late for adequate quotation in Mr. Oakes' recent biography of Romilly.

The solitary survivor of Miss Edgeworth's exact and profuse pen shows her enclosing a necklace of bog-oak which, since it is the product of the lathe presented by her always optimistic father to the family butler as a distraction from whisky-drinking, "I hope you will condescend to wear for the *encouragement of virtue*." Lady Romilly characteristically acknowledges this gift not less on account of "its rarity in this country" than for "its singular moral value." She discounts her own intellectual qualities (having been simply and country bred) as amounting to "a poor plain everyday capacity," but nevertheless leaves the impression on her social side of being more than a match for the combined forces of Sir James Mackintosh and Madame de Staël. Her line is quiet good sense, and in her educational ideas for her numerous family she strikes us as in advance of her time. They might be "backward," but at least she preferred their backwardness and high spirits to the forcing-house methods of her friends the Mills: "You have seen Mr. Mills's eldest boy I think, and, if I do not mistake, your excellent Father thought they were over educating him. Really if he were my child I should be very uneasy about him." Of the Bentham interior at Ford Abbey a delightful picture is given: "A person totally unacquainted with the party would have found some difficulty in following the conversation, and they have used themselves to this sort of language so long that I really

believe it never occurs to them that it is not in common use." Lady Romilly does not waste a great deal of her paper on literary judgments, although we read of the contemporary Mr. Murray that, anticipating later practice, "he is *so very civil*, he sends me always every work he publishes that is worth reading before it is given to the world." She reads *Mansfield Park* and *Emma* on publication, (finding in the latter "little to remember"), and is shrewd (or well-informed) enough to remark of *Waverley*, "Walter Scott, if he did not write it, certainly must have had a good deal to do with it." Of her more frequent social notes, "Lord Byron, you will probably have heard is going to marry Miss Milbanke," is followed in due course by "The other unfortunate couple you enquire about, I am sorry that I can give you no information on the subject. My lips are closed by Sir Samuel having been consulted by Lady Byron." The closure of lips, however, is done with discretion, and a subsequent letter contains a very interesting statement of opinion attributed to Mrs. Leigh. Enough has been quoted to show that this book, slight as it is, should not be missed by those interested in its period.

P. P. HOWE

M'TURK

SCHOOLDAYS WITH KIPLING. By G. C. BERESFORD. With a Preface by General DUNSTERVILLE. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

THESE reminiscences by the M'Turk of *Stalky and Co.* are rather more lengthy and discursive than the interest of the subject can bear, but they include a few excellent portraits—the masters being better observed than the boys. Among them is the pathetically incompetent Prout ("The Hefter") who "when meeting even a small boy of a cynical or sarcastic turn of mind . . . began to perspire in anticipation of making some absurd *faux pas*"; and who held views on politics, namely, that "both sides are doing their best for the country, but in different ways," a declaration which, he considered, "placed him head and shoulders above the crowd." Then there is an extended virtuoso reproduction of a scene in which a certain King withers "Gigger" (=Kipling) in front of the class for admiring Walt Whitman, which is an ideal specimen of a very familiar episode. Gigger's revenge at the end of the book is also a good story. These witty characters and scenes are of the same excellence as the expressive contemporary sketches by the author with which the book is illustrated, curiously described by the Founder of the Kipling Society in a Foreword as "rather free-hand."

The picture of the young Kipling himself is a little surprising, but convincing. He is presented as essentially the poet—references to "our bard" become rather tiresome—determinedly "anti-athletic," contemptuous of machines and handicraft, indifferent to scholastic emulation, a collector of curios with a boudoir-like study, proud of his connection with the pre-Raphaelites and the "London set," bluntly certain that "War is no subject at all" for poetry, and finally reluctant about his appointed journey to India. Necessarily, as we read all this, we wonder how so sympathetic a character was changed into the prophet of Empire. General Dunsterville [Stalky] spoils it all in his Preface. In his view Gigger was never "anti-athletic" at all.

PETER BURRA

NEW BOOKS—A SELECTED LIST

THE BOOKS IN THIS LIST, IN ADDITION TO THOSE WHICH HAVE BEEN REVIEWED IN THE PRECEDING PAGES, HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AFTER CAREFUL SCRUTINY FROM A MUCH LARGER NUMBER OF CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

FICTION

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER. By GERALD BULLETT. Dent. 7s. 6d.

The quotation from Ecclesiastes which provides the title of this novel is as applicable to the guileless reader as to destiny itself. Mr. Bullett takes a tragic theme which has long since degenerated into a device, but he disguises it so ingeniously that we fall into the snare. The victim of a horrible experience at the age of fourteen, Drucilla Moore recovers and becomes a successful actress, but is dominated by the need of proving to herself that she can fit into normal domestic existence. The shock of the climax comes with full force, and the tragic irony of this entire story of an ordinary marriage is, therefore, retrospective.

GOING TO THE SEA. By DOREEN WALLACE. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Women in love, and how they pity themselves in and out of love, might be said to be the connecting theme of the three stories brought together under this title, if it were not that the subject of the third portrait has a sense of reality, and a mental energy, which enable her to diagnose and keep at bay her own disease. The first two stories are frankly studies in self-pity, capable in characterization but not distinguished in handling: one of a schoolgirl already woman enough to fall in love with innocent ardour with a young man between whom and her mother a tender understanding is implied; the other, of a girl whose university career is interrupted by poverty. The strong background of the West Cumberland landscape is admirably conveyed by the quiet certainty of an occasional reference. But "last love" at thirty! What can they be thinking of in West Cumberland?

CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING. By HILLEL BERNSTEIN. Gollancz. 6s.

The sight of the publisher and some of his more celebrated friends, grouped in organized and almost menacing welcome

on the dust-cover, may make some readers wonder if they are smart enough to attend so well a party. Mr. Bernstein will soon put them at their ease. His skit on the methods of dictatorial government—though, like many skits, a little long—has a bitter humour which will be relished in such democratic communities as are still in existence.

MEN IN ARMS. By GEORGE SLOCOMBE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

The author of *The Tumult and the Shouting* has written a novel about the cosmopolitan exiles who, in the political underworld of the Continent, spend their time organizing, arming, and financing revolutions and counter-revolutions. He knows his subject, and his story is instructive. Moreover, he writes well in the cool, detached manner of the Somerset Maugham school. But he lacks the most attractive quality of that school—swiftness in narrative—and the lack is principally due to the weakness common to several of his chief characters for expressing themselves with the pomposity and length of a leading article.

SUMMER OF LIFE. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

Mrs. Kean Seymour continues the life story of the Merrall family. She interweaves almost too many themes, the most important of which are Max's evasion of a second experiment in marriage and the tragic fate of his mother. But Sally, who is familiar to Mrs. Kean Seymour's readers, dominates the story and is almost too good to be quite true. The peculiarities and anachronisms of the English divorce law system and their effect on human lives give emotional pace to this elaborate chronicle and balance a tendency towards diffuseness.

HALF-WAY HOUSE. By ELLERY QUEEN. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Mr. "Ellery Queen's" followers will be rejoiced to learn that he now seems to be entering on a simpler and more frankly entertaining phase. This cultured specialist in crime has had his bad lapses, when the

problems he sets, and unravels, have been not only too melodramatic and sanguinary in kind, but also so involved in their working out that the reader gives up in irritation and fatigue. But now, assembling three well-assorted and contrasted groups of New Yorkers, Philadelphians, and vital characters from Trenton, New Jersey, he tells a swiftly-moving and exciting story of murder in the "half-way house" used by a man leading a double life to change from one personality to the other; with a solution simply arrived at through a dramatic reconstruction scene. This author's method of challenging the reader, at a critical point of the story, to work out the case for himself, on the facts, rather than cheat by guessing, is more fun for both sides. The detective-story public has become so good at guessing, that unless it takes a hand itself at linking motives and occasions, the game is too short.

THE GOLDEN HEART. By RICHARD STRACHEY. Secker and Warburg. 7s. 6d. Two intoxicated bohemians steal a flower-pot from a war memorial in Bloomsbury and are charged with this offence against good taste. The mock trial in which Mr. Strachey satirizes police-court methods is the culminating point of fantasy in this *jeu d'esprit*. Lighthearted cynicism, promiscuity and some strong language are the familiar ingredients of Bloomsbury life as displayed in fiction. But Mr. Strachey's individual touch ensures forgiveness and for nervous readers there is a dash of the genuine W. J. Locke sentiment.

THE WHITE HARE. By FRANCIS STUART. Collins. 7s. 6d.

This story of carefree boyhood in a ramshackle mansion in the West of Ireland depends for effect on its timeless atmosphere. The attraction is clear and strong, but readers must be prepared for some exasperation. Semi-mystical assumptions enable Mr. Stuart to alter the human scheme. His ten-year-old hero experiences continually those powerful emotions which Nature wisely reserves for a later period of physical development.

OLD JAN. By STIJN STREUVELS. Translated by EDWARD CRANKSHAW. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Old Jan, a Flemish farm-hand, is the epitome of peasant stupidity; a capacity for hard work and a love of horses are his only graces,

otherwise he is surly and given to drink, he is ignorant of the feelings of his fellow-beings and devoid of social intelligence. The story of his struggle to make a living on his own plot of land, the marriage into which he drifts because the neighbours expect it is told with a sombre detachment, and exasperating though he often is, Jan holds one's sympathy throughout this excellently observed character study.

CLOCHEMERLE. By GABRIEL CHEVALLIER.

Translated by JOCELYN GODEFROI. Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.

This sparkling, satirical farce centres round the erection of a urinal in Clochemerle, a small village in the Rhone district. The little edifice becomes the centre of a good deal of robust and very Gallic fun that sends a pious and repressed spinster off her head; it creates a divergence of local opinion which results in a brawl in the church, the political implications of which lead to the failure of an international disarmament conference. The canvas is richly crowded with mordant portraits of men at the mercy of their sexual abilities, but this cynical picture is tempered by an uproarious humour and a breezy satire on bureaucratic opportunism.

THE COURT OF FAIR MAIDENS. By WILHELM SPEYER. Translated by PHYLLIS and TREVOR BLEWITT. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

A graceful and leisurely executed panorama of court life in the German duchy of Reuthe during the year 1805; it contains some mild political intrigues, with the shadowy figure of Napoleon in the background, in which the fair maidens pull the strings; an elegant love affair or so, and some well-described scenes in the hunting-field; there are many engaging character sketches—notably of the Duke of Reuthe and his two chief ministers.

FAREWELL ROMANCE. By GILBERT FRANKAU. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.

A wealthy, respectful, adoring business man, a beautiful invalid, who can only be a wife in name, a noble, heart-broken friend. Honour, loyalty, continence—for six hundred pages Mr. Frankau weighs these ideals against the charms of The Other Woman. And his allegoric beings are placed in a contemporary world, for there are numerous references to current matters, such as Hitler's Germany, the Jubilee and the late Abyssinian War.

RECOIL. By J. L. HARDY. Collins. 7s. 6d.
When mid-European secret-service agents fall in love with ditto beautiful café singers, trouble begins, in this case involving all in an attempt to murder a refreshingly unconventional dictator. An adventure story with a distinct dash of psychological interest, it is racily rather than well written, but (in holiday mood) one goes on reading.

NOT TOO NARROW . . . NOT TOO DEEP. By RICHARD SALE. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
Ten convicts escape from a colony on a small boat, and are "changed" in the Buchmanite sense by their sufferings and by the presence among them of a mysterious eleventh, a prophet and faith-healer. The writing is very capable, in the American "tough" style, but the agency of the faith-healer in their "changing" turns what might have been an interesting as well as an exciting story into a religious tract.

EAGLES RESTRAINED. By BRIAN TUNSTALL. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

In 1954 the League orders its new Air Police to stop a war between Germany and Poland. Clashes of loyalty among the officers are threatened, but this theme is not developed far, and gradually the novel turns into a story of street fighting and air raids, mixed up rather obscurely with the drug traffic. The characters are smothered under a far too heavy load of technical detail, but an atmosphere of unfamiliar excitement surrounds many of the operations of the Police air fleet, whose ruthless tactics are dramatically successful just when the whole League cause seems to be lost.

A PRAYER FOR MY SON. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Walpole at his flesh-creeping. Rose Clennell, unmarried, gives up her baby to his grandfather and, twelve years later, wants him back. Hints at dark forces; the grandfather plays Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street crossed with Goering; but mother-love and democracy win. Meant, perhaps, for holiday reading.

FAR FOREST. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

A story divided between Shropshire and the Black Country. Jenny Hadley, born a Staffordshire chain-maker's daughter, is brought up on a farm near Severn; is seduced; chain-makes; marries a gamekeeper who is

hanged for murder; and fetches up on the original farm as wife of her childhood's idol, a miner turned schoolmaster. All the conventional ingredients.

CITY FOR CONQUEST. By ABEL KANDEL. Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.

A "slice" of New York life, 1907 to 1927, prosperity year. Googi the dago shoe-black who becomes a successful crook; the Jew boxer who loses his sight; the real-estate man who murders his father to get land in the Bronx; the tough millionaire with a soft son, etc., etc., etc. Hustle, sentimentality, and not much more.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

JOHN TWEED, SCULPTOR. A Memoir. Lovat Dickson. 12s. 6d.

The name of Miss Lendal Tweed, the sculptor's daughter, who wrote this memoir with the help of Mr. Francis Watson, does not appear on the title-page, and the impartiality and impersonality suggested by this omission is preserved throughout the book. A painfully clear picture is shown of the trials attending an art of which every considerable work is done on commission, generally to satisfy those whose interest is not primarily artistic, and entails vast expense of time and money. The Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's, which Alfred Stevens left unfinished at his death after twenty years of work and controversy, and which took Tweed five years (and more controversy, which he wisely left to others) to complete, is an extreme example among many others of the sculptor's difficulties. Here also is a sympathetic portrait of the quick-tempered Scotsman whose success was so marked in spite of them.

ONCE YOUR ENEMY. By HEINRICH HAUSER. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

No one realizes the vital part which the very existence of an organized State plays in his private life, until for the State is substituted chaos. Chaos reigned in Germany in 1918, and men had to steer for themselves. Hitler first restored authority, and millions thankfully cast away a ghastly responsibility and put on his uniform. Among them Heinrich Hauser, who has written not only a genuinely intelligent and sometimes beautiful account of his life in Germany, 1914-1933 as soldier, worker,

and seaman, but an explanation of Hitler's appeal and a most exciting adventure story.

HITLER THE PAWN. By **RUDOLF OLDEN.** Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

It was unfortunate that Conrad Heiden's *Hitler* just preceded this book, for Herr Olden, using much the same sources, covers little new ground and his book is inferior to Heiden's in detail and grasp. For those who have time to read both, the analysis of Hitler's methods of propaganda, studied originally from English models, is original and interesting. As a Liberal, Herr Olden may seem to some less suspect than the usual Socialist-Communist critic of Nazi Germany.

GEORGE ELIOT. By **BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS.** Macmillan. 17s.

The conscience-marriage of the great novelist and George Henry Lewes, with its social embarrassments, has, so far, escaped the attention of West End dramatists in search of Victorian romances. This biography is painstaking and sound, but it lacks the rather superficial qualities of dramatic presentation which attract attention to-day.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE. By **GEORGE HERBERT BUSHNELL.** Harrap. 10s. 6d.

Those whose impressions of Sir Richard Grenville have been gained from *Westward Ho!* will find the hard-natured, tiger-like man of Mr. Bushnell's readable biography very different from Kingsley's benign country gentleman. This is the first full-length life of Grenville. A resolve to be lively has damaged Mr. Bushnell's prose, but he presents a living man. In the story of the *Revenge*, which is all most of us know of Sir Richard, he abides by Tennyson, and re-tells a tale that has a fierce splendour.

ALIBI PILGRIMAGE. By **F. J. HARVEY DARTON.** Newnes. 10s. 6d.

In the middle of the eighteenth century a party of gipsies was accused, and finally acquitted, on a charge of abducting a London servant girl called Elizabeth Canning. Then and ever since the case has exercised peculiar fascination, to which many well-known men, from Fielding and Allan Ramsay down to Andrew Lang and our own Mr. Arthur Machen, have yielded. Mr. Harvey Darton has taken the trouble to examine the gipsies' alibi by tracking their steps, on foot, from

Somerset to London, and he is able to throw fresh light on the old discussion. Given a knowledge of the south-west country and the time and disposition for leisurely perusal, the reader will find this a pleasant book.

TSUSHIMA. By **A. NOVIKOFF-PRIBOY.** Allen and Unwin. 16s.

The men who sailed in the Russian Baltic Fleet to die at Tsushima knew that they were untrained, that their ships were antiquated, and their officers worse than inefficient; small wonder that they gave way to fatalistic, semi-mutinuous despair. Yet this story of their behaviour in action shows how the mere necessity of continued activity produces "bravery." As a collection of eye-witness accounts, written by one of the crew of the *Oryol*, this book is of extraordinary interest from a social if not a naval point of view.

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA-POWER. By **EDWIN FALK.** Longmans. 12s. 6d.

There is no single aspect of Japanese history which gives a fuller insight into the whole national life than the rise of Japan's Navy. This admirable book not only covers the history of Japan's unwilling emergence from barbaric isolation to the position of a first-class naval power, but gives a valuable technical account of the tactics in Togo's chief engagements, which culminated at Tsushima. The character of Togo remains throughout unimportant, as it should. He was a Japanese Admiral, and that was enough.

WORLD POLITICS, 1918-1936. By **R. PALMER DUTT.** Gollancz. 5s.

Mr. Dutt's book, tracing simultaneously the course of capitalist rivalries and the sharpening struggle between Socialism and Fascism, appears at a moment when the Spanish war has suddenly taught even the man in the street that the fight between Right and Left has finally passed from the realm of internal to that of international politics. The book is packed with quotation, irrefutable within its assumptions, and marred by nineteenth-century jargon.

A. R. ORAGE. A Memoir by **PHILIP MAIRET.** Introduction by **G. K. CHESTER-TON.** Dent. 8s. 6d.

An admiring but balanced biographical portrait of one of the outstanding editorial personalities of our time. In concise outline are capably displayed his early development,

his phases as Theosophist, Fabian, Nietzschean, Douglasite, Ouspensian, his work in charge of the *New Age* and *New English Weekly*. An intimate account, it is a complete introduction, if no more, to a man loved by many and admired by many more.

A ROYALIST'S NOTEBOOK. The Commonplace Book of SIR JOHN OGLANDER, Kt. of Nunwell. Transcribed by FRANCIS BAMPFORD. Introduction by Brigadier-General C. F. ASPINALL-OGLANDER. Constable. 10s.

"The numerous tattered volumes from which this book has been compiled have lain for three hundred years in the house where Sir John Oglander wrote them"—at Nunwell in the Isle of Wight. With a kindly, complacent eye upon posterity, he wrote of his family doings, his neighbours, the day's news—of Buckingham's murder, or a local elopement ("Mistress Bridget Lisle, a rude girl and ill brought up.") A serviceable, honest gentleman, who liked the world to go on its old way and underlings to remain respectfully under.

BRIDLEWAYS THROUGH HISTORY.

By LADY APSLEY. Hutchinson. 16s. Ostensibly a history of hunting throughout the ages, this book is, more precisely, an account of the development and uses of the horse. Lady Apsley brings, besides enthusiasm, a tireless industry and a wide knowledge to her task, and in writing a history of horses and horsemen she contrives a revaluation of history through the eyes of horsey folk in each century. A cultured and interesting book, it deserves the attention of the scholarly as well as the general public.

CONNOP THIRLWALL. By JOHN CONNOP THIRLWALL. S.P.C.K. 12s. 6d.

Among bishops who distinguished the Church of England in the last century none has been so strangely neglected as Bishop Thirlwall of St. David's. His name was never a household word in the Church—as were those of Frederick Temple and William Wilberforce; but his *History of Greece* alone earned for him a high reputation, now revived upon a scale which may fairly be called magnificent by a collateral descendant who also happens to be an American. Here is not only the biography of a man; but a history of the Church in Wales during perhaps the most important phase of its career.

LITERARY

THE PROBLEM OF HAMLET: A SOLUTION. By A. S. CAIRNCROSS. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Ingenuous and highly dangerous detective work in foundation dates. The new Shakespearean chronology advanced by Mr. Cairncross threatens the entire superstructure of orthodox theory and all the great tragedies become the work of a younger Shakespeare. "It is not your middle-aged men who write tragedies. World-weariness is a phase of heaviest incidence in youth."

EPILOGUE. A CRITICAL SUMMARY.

Vol II. Edited by LAURA RIDING and ROBERT GRAVES. Seizin Press and Constable. 7s. 6d.

"Crime is a sense of truth acting as a sense of fate." "There are many different speeches, but there is only one language; and this is English." Such are the remarkable conclusions at which the members of this Majorcan colony arrive in their "critical" thinking. It is very hard to read critically essays which consist of a series of detached statements unsupported by arguments; even after several serious attempts the reader is forced to allow that he is just conceivably wrong in believing them to be nonsense.

CREATING THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL. By HARLAN HATCHER.

Williams and Norgate. 10s.

The author, himself an American, has given a detailed, popular account of the developments in American fiction during the last forty years. He considers that the American temper reveals itself most significantly in a vigorous realism, naturalistic in its point of view. He deals at length with Dreiser, Cather, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Cabell and Hergesheimer, and reviews the work of a great number of lesser writers. He is interested in the novel chiefly as a social document and in its historical aspects, and within his framework, he is intelligent, if not profound; he has a happy knack of conveying the gist of a novel in a short paragraph.

A NOTE ON LITERARY CRITICISM.

By JAMES T. FARRELL. Constable. 7s. 6d. Not an especially learned or profound account of the functions of literature and literary criticism, this brusque call-to-

judgment for American Marxist critics who are too insensitive or too lazy to recognize literature as larger than politics or even economics may prove something of a milestone for transatlantic "leftist" writing. The prose is a little "dry like biscuits," and there is a general air of I'm-a-Marxist-you're-not, but Farrell has wider perceptions and every would-be British Marxist literary critic should read and inwardly digest it.

STYLE IN SHAKESPEARE. By OLIVER ELTON. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. Professor Elton's British Academy lecture is conspicuous for two things, an *aperçu* as to Iago's mock oath, where he notes the deliberate hint of artifice in the "somewhat archaic, Marlowe-like use of the third persons, the names," and his examination of the somewhat neglected "recognition" in *Pericles*. He oddly admits that he has never grasped the thought, or ruling idea, of *Julius Caesar*. If a chronicle play should have such, surely it is here the persistence of a great personality. This is a lecture for students, full of professorial subtlety, but qualified by references to acting tradition.

THE ART OF BERNARD SHAW. By S. C. SEN GUPTA. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

A careful, conscientious study, somewhat lacking in that stimulating quality known as "contemporaneity." In maintaining his own critical independence, Prof. Gupta can be as obstinate and wrong-headed as Mr. Shaw himself.

MISCELLANEOUS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN DRAMA. Edited by S. R. LITTLEWOOD.
—OF MODERN PROSE. A. J. J. RATCLIFF.
—OF MODERN BIOGRAPHY. LORD DAVID CECIL. Nelson. 3s. 6d. each.

The purple patch is no longer cultivated in our modern cabbage plot. This new series, therefore, is representative rather than eclectic. Mr. S. R. Littlewood, in his extracts, reconciles repertory work with West End successes, and does not despise the popular revival of historical romance and sentiment. Mr. A. J. J. Ratcliff, a trifle too conscious of the "Terrible Twenties and the Tentative Thirties," gives us extracts from well-known novels by Robert Graves, Eric Linklater, Charles

Morgan and others. The result resembles the specimen pages and tit-bits offered by publishers in their house-magazines. Lord David Cecil's anthology of modern biography is more satisfactory. Amid contemporary confusion and despite its own faults, modern biography emerges as a distinct genuine form.

WAKE UP AND LIVE: A FORMULA FOR SUCCESS. By DOROTHEA BRANDE. Barker. 3s. 6d.

If at first you don't succeed, Mrs. Brande finds the fault in your Will to Fail. Her recipe for success is the slogan "Act as if it were impossible to fail," judiciously stimulated by twelve assorted disciplines. Any discipline being better than none, these have their uses, but this chatty uplift volume is stronger on its immediate, practical side than its ultimate and philosophical.

EUTHANASIA. And Other Aspects of Life and Death. By HARRY ROBERTS. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Dr. Harry Roberts, a genuine "progressive," functions as a gentle and civilized, not to say informed, debunker of ultra-progressive hopes and fads. Whether his subject is suicide, sex, crime, penology, sin, pain, psychology, education, sterilization or architecture, he presents his case with moderation, and pricks the bubbles of cant and self-deception with amiability and skill. His essays, however brief, proceed from a balanced mind and practised pen.

MATERNITY AND POST-OPERATIVE EXERCISES. By MARGARET MORRIS and M. RANDELL. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

These breathing and muscle exercises are intended for mothers before and following childbirth, but their exposition, though clear, is addressed specifically to nurses, etc., who have had training in Margaret Morris methods, the uninstructed patient being warned against self-tuition. Professors John Fraser and R. W. Johnstone testify to their value, the latter speaking from encouraging observation in the Edinburgh Royal Maternity Hospital.

JEN SHENG: THE ROOT OF LIFE. By MIKHAIL PRISHVIN. Foreword by JULIAN HUXLEY. Melrose. 5s.

Mikhail Prishvin escaped from the battlefield to the deserted forest of the Manchurian Maritime Province. There he lived with an old Chinese healer and a herd of

HUTCHINSON'sEarly Autumn List

VOLUME I

ILLUSTRATED 18s.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

FIRST EARL of BALFOUR, K.G., P.C., F.R.S., O.M.

by Mrs. Edgar Dugdale

Sir Charles Petrie	WALTER LONG AND HIS TIMES	18s.
Harry J. Greenwall and Roland Wild	THIS IS LIBERIA	18s.
MEMOIRS OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE INFANTA EULALIA		16s.
H. W. Nevinson	BETWEEN THE WARS	10s.6d.
General Ludendorff	THE NATION AT WAR	8s.6d.
Mrs. Alec-Tweedie	MY LEGACY CRUISE	18s.
N. Baikov	BIG GAME HUNTING IN MANCHURIA	18s.
Auguste Vierset and O. E. Millard	BURGOMASTER MAX	18s.
Harry J. Greenwall	THE FACE OF FRANCE	10s.6d.
Sir Reginald St-Johnston	STRANGE PLACES & STRANGE PEOPLES	12s.6d.
Sir Max Pemberton	SIXTY YEARS AGO AND AFTER	18s.
Collingwood Ingram	ISLES OF THE SEVEN SEAS	18s.
George Edinger	RUPERT OF THE RHINE	18s.
Olga Tchernoff	NEW HORIZONS	15s.
Mary Anderson de Navarro	A FEW MORE MEMORIES	12s.6d.
Brigadier-General R. G. Burton	THE TIGER HUNTERS	12s.6d.
Herbert Childs	EL JIMMY	12s.6d.
David Devant	SECRETS OF MY MAGIC	10s.6d.

*Send for complete Autumn list***HUTCHINSON & Co. (Publishers), Ltd., LONDON**

spotted deer. The intimate life of the deer, the old man's wisdom and gentleness and his superstition, irritating to the former student of science, one fleeting love-affair followed by desperate loneliness, these are described in this short book with a simplicity that leaves a most vivid impression.

SOCIOLOGY

MOSCOW ADMITS A CRITIC. By SIR BERNARD PARES. Nelson. 2s. 6d.

The author was long refused permission to enter the U.S.S.R. on account of his known and active support of intervention in 1917-1919. He now writes, with the greatest honesty, in approval of the energy and achievements of the Soviet Government in the spheres of education and health in particular. Disapproving of orthodox Communism, he saw common sense and improved conditions. His excellent little book will be more convincing in that Russian conditions and not politics are obviously his chief interest.

THE LAW OF PEACE. By C. VAN VOLLENHOVEN. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

This history of internationalism up to date is both edifying and sad. This book traces from the Middle Ages the growth of the consular system, arbitration and neutrality. It is a story of good theory almost disregarded (can it have been good?). Slow progress, however, has been made; and the author finally pins his faith on Article XI of the Covenant, an unprecedented abnegation of national sovereignty by disarmament, and an international force.

SPORT

POLO. Edited by the EARL OF KIMBERLEY. The Lonsdale Library. Vol. XXI. Seeley Service. 25s.

This magnificently produced volume must remain the standard work on Polo for many years to come. It is impossible to imagine a finer work of reference, or manual of instruction, for the competent player and for the beginner. The Lonsdale Library, the modern equivalent of the old Badminton, is making a great name for itself as the standard library on all sporting subjects.

THE INS AND OUTS OF CRICKET. By R. E. S. WYATT. Bell. 7s. 6d.

Nearly all books about cricket are mainly historical, reminiscent, statistical, or scienti-

fically educative. They have been written by cricketers and almost entirely for cricketers. It is to the spectator, whether he be himself a cricketer or not, that this book is primarily addressed. That, incidentally, it will be of value to the cricketer, by reason of its lucid exposition of strategy and tactics, only goes to prove that this is one of the most interesting and valuable books on cricket that has appeared for a long time.

TRAVEL

NO PLACE LIKE HOME. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. Cape. 7s. 6d.

To Mr. Nichols "abroad" is an entertainment provided for the traveller, and as such he finds it wanting. He travels via Vienna, Budapest and Athens to the Holy Land, enjoying his *wagon-lit* and his English novels, his food and his crowned heads, girding at the Turks' cruelty to animals (the natural reaction in Turkey of the pigeon-feeder of St. Mark's) and at the traveller who, unlike himself, ignores the Budapest Giorgione (forgetting the traveller who, unlike himself, has something to say worth saying about the Budapest Giorgione), at the ugliness of the Jews, and at the vulgarity of modern Galilee, combining a gentle pacifism with a tendency to call all lower-class foreigners villains and bandits, making small discoveries about the life of the New Testament, and coming home triumphantly in time for his daffodils.

FINLAND: The New Nation. By AGNES ROTHERY. Faber. 12s. 6d.

An agreeable, well-written account of a northerly land of sturdy independence—national, social, economic. Exterior aspects, racial elements and influences, its daily life in town and country, its ideals and arts are treated in turn, kindly, admiringly, but knowledgeably and seriously for all the ease of statement.

TOWNS AND PEOPLE OF MODERN GERMANY. By ROBERT M. MCBRIDE. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Such a book as this, popularly designed for the tourist, is necessarily selective; but the author's evidently cultivated unawareness of the 18th century, and confessed prejudice against the baroque and rococo styles, make it still more limited than was necessary. Enthusiasm for the Gothic leads him into the oddest raptures, and in matters of taste his opinions are worth very little.

Euthanasia

and other aspects of Life and Death

by DR. HARRY ROBERTS 7/6

Morning Post: "The first remarkable thing about these papers is the honesty which informs them, and the reasonableness.

"Without doubt, one can recommend this book as excellent informative (and provocative) reading. Everyone who spends any of his time wondering about the practical and spiritual problems we must solve in adjusting ourselves to a new world will enjoy every page Dr. Roberts has written, whether he agrees with all his arguments or not."

Mont St. Michel

and Chartres

by HENRY ADAMS Illustrated 12/6

DAVID GARNETT (*New Statesman and Nation*): "One of the most delightful and original books on mediæval art and history that I know. . . . Adams does not love technical details for their own sake and his good manners and his modesty forbid his ever boring us with them. He leads us on from stone carvings and coloured glass to men and women, their loves, their poetry and their ideas. His style is full of urbanity and humour."

Villon

by CHARLES KUNSTLER Translated by Alex Glendinning 7/6

Spectator: "This romance about Villon should please a good many people.

"M. Kunstler makes the most of the poet's aspirations and improvidence, his fascinating waywardness, the jolly junketings and rat-haunted prisons, the licentious priests and abandoned women, the true affections and the immortal verse."

Constable

10 Orange Street WC2

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

On September 22nd the *Life of Lord Balfour* by his niece, Mrs. Edgar Dugdale, will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Messrs. Gollancz announce Sir Stafford Cripps' *The Struggle for Peace*, for this month.

On September 10th Messrs. Cassell will publish *Great Britain : Empire and Commonwealth, 1886-1935*, by Mr. J. A. Spender.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe* is to be published this month in a single volume edition by Messrs. Edward Arnold.

John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, has selected from his ten-volume history of the Great War, published during the war, the substance of one volume which will be published this month with the title *Episode of the Great War*, by Messrs. Nelson.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce for this month the *Letters of Lenin*, being both personal and political letters, taken from the collected Russian edition and translated and edited with a biographical introduction by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Maude. Messrs. Methuen at the same time announce a biography of *Karl Marx : Man and Fighter* by Boris Nikolaevsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen.

Messrs. Cape will publish this month the life of *Luther* by Fr. Funck-Brentano, translated by E. F. Buckley.

A biography of Rembrandt, *R.v.R.*, by Hendrik Willem van Loon, will be published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate this month. Miss Marjorie Bowen's *William Hogarth : the Cockney's Mirror*, is announced by Messrs. Methuen for this month.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick : a portrait in Letters, edited and selected by Basil de Selincourt will be published by Messrs. Constable this month.

Several volumes of essays, critical and otherwise, are to be published this month. On September 7th *Obiter Scripta*, by George Santayana is expected from Messrs. Constable, who will also publish on the same date *Reperusals and Recollections* by Logan Pearsall Smith. *Only the Other Day* by E. V. Lucas will be published by Messrs. Methuen, and *I Tremble to Think* by Robert Lynd by

Messrs. Dent. *Revaluation*, by F. R. Leavis will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Mr. W. F. R. Hardie, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has written *A Study in Plato*, which will be published this month by the Oxford University Press. The same publishers will publish Mr. Roy Harrod's *The Trade Cycle*, a study in Economics intended not only for the specialist.

Messrs. Gollancz announce the first volume of *The Private Manufacture of Armaments*, for September 21st.

The Cresset Press will publish this month *Enigmas of Natural History*, by E. L. Grant Watson, with wood engravings by Barbara Greg.

Another travel book by Sven Hedin, *Big Horse's Flight*, will be published on September 22nd, by Messrs. Macmillan.

A volume of poems by Roy Campbell, *Mithraic Emblems*, will be published by Messrs. Boriswood early in October. *Poems in Sequence* by Dylan Thomas will be published by Messrs. Dent. Miss Ruth Pitter's *A Trophy of Arms* will be published by the Cresset Press, and *Reading The Spirit* by Richard Eberhart, with a foreword by Michael Roberts, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. On October 1st, the Hogarth Press will publish translations by J. B. Leishman of Rainer Maria Rilke's *Sonnets to Orpheus*.

A new volume of Irish hunting stories by E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross, *The Sweet Cry of Hounds*, will be published on October 1st by Messrs. Methuen.

Star Turn, by René Clair, published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, will be out on September 3rd. The same publishers will publish Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Summer will Show*, on September 10th. Messrs. Putnam announce a new novel *Old Heart goes on a journey*, by Hans Fallada. Messrs. Gollancz will publish *Calf of Paper*, by Sholem Asch, on September 28th, and possibly this month Messrs. Macmillan will publish *Lords and Masters*, by A. G. Macdonell. Messrs. Ivor Nicholson and Watson announce *Come Home at Last* by Jack Lindsay.

SEPTEMBER BOOKS

**JOHN LANE AND
the 90's**

By J. LEWIS MAY

A personal study. With numerous
illustrations. 15s.

TIBETAN JOURNEY

By Alexandra
DAVID - NEEL

With a map and fine illustrations in
collo type. 12s. 6d.

FAIR COMPANY

By DORIS LESLIE

The story of four women through 150
years of English history. Recommended
by the Book Guild. 8s. 6d.

MIDGET MAGELLANS

By ERIC DEVINE

The voyages of Slocum, Voss, Robinson,
Drake, O'Brien and others. Illustrated.
8s. 6d.

THE BODLEY HEAD

**OUR
OLD ENGLISH
FAIRS**

By R. W. MUNCEY

6s.

A VALUABLE monograph on fairs,
reprinting many old documents and
illustrating sides of the rough-and-
tumble old English life which are
scarcely represented in history books.

With 8 illustrations

THE SHELDON PRESS

Northumberland Avenue
London, W.C.2

*Just published: A CHEAP EDITION
of the standard single-volume study
of English poetry*

The English Muse

BY

Prof. Oliver Elton

MORNING POST:

'... an unfailing delight to the reader
from the first page to the last... the
serious student will find *The English
Muse* an invaluable book of reference
... but it should be still more valu-
able to the general reader who has
any genuine feeling for poetry.'

478 pages. 7/6 net.

BELL

There are no less than
1832 different photographs in
the 14 volumes of the

BRITISH HERITAGE SERIES

of which over **114,770** copies
have been sold. The latest
volume in the series, all of
which are priced at 7/6 net, is

THE ENGLISH CASTLE

By Hugh Braun

"I commend this series most heart-
ily."—HOWARD SPRING in the
EVENING STANDARD.

* * *

The first two volumes in a new
Batsford series

"THE FACE OF BRITAIN"
are entitled

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

By Hugh Quigley
and

ENGLISH DOWNLAND

By H. J. Massingham

They both include over 100
photographs and are priced at
7/6 net each.

Write for a Catalogue of

BATSFORD BOOKS

or visit

15, NORTH AUDLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.1



WESTMORLAND

The magnificent new inventory of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments of England dealing with the county of Westmorland is now ready. The County in its early village settlements possesses a group of prehistoric monuments of outstanding significance and there are many medieval structures of great importance and interest. The Royal Commission in order to ensure that no historical antiquity of note has been omitted from its survey was led to explore some little-known parts of this County and there will be much in the volume unfamiliar to those who have not a detailed knowledge of the Westmorland fells. The volume is profusely illustrated. 30s. (30s. 9d.)

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES

The report of the University Grants Committee for the period 1929-1930 to 1934-1935 is a volume of exceptional interest in view of the broad survey which it presents not only of the development of University education during this period but of the needs and problems which the Universities are facing now and will face in the immediate future. 4s. (4s. 3d.)

"We should like to think that . . . every person in this country interested in higher education will read this astoundingly good Report."—*The Universities Review*.

CAREERS

The "Choice of Careers" series of pamphlets has been prepared for secondary school children. How to enter the various professions and what are the conditions and prospects in them, are briefly explained. Among the titles are "Journalism and Publishing" No. 18, *in the Press*. Librarianship No. 11, 3d. (3½d.) Law No. 15, 2d. (2½d.) Clerical and Secretarial Work (Women), No. 19, 3d. (3½d.)
Complete List post free.

BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR, 1898-1914

Vol. X. Part I.

The Near and Middle East on the Eve of War. Edited by G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A., and Harold Temperley, Litt.D., F.B.A. This volume contains diplomatic documents, the majority of which have never before been published, revealing the main lines of development in European diplomacy, with special reference to the Near and Middle East, in the year immediately before the War. 17s. 6d. (18s. 2d.)

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

H. M. STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON, W.C.2: Adastral House, Kingsway.
EDINBURGH 2: 120 George Street; MANCHESTER 1: 26 York Street; CARDIFF: 1 St. Andrew's Crescent; BELFAST: 80 Chichester Street; or through any Bookseller.